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ISSUE 24

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THE MAGAZINE FOR A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

ISSUE 24

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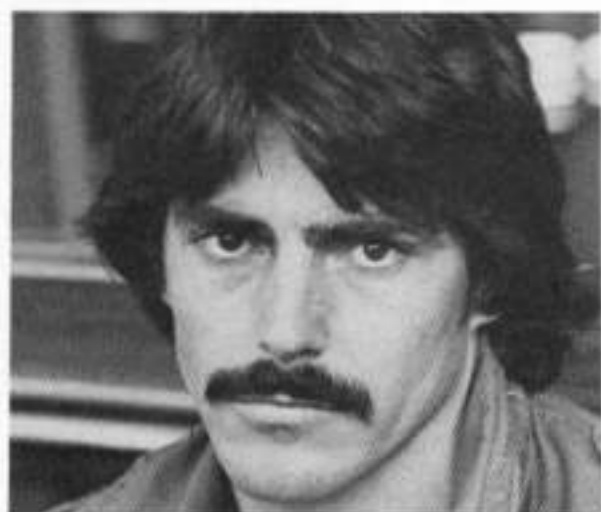
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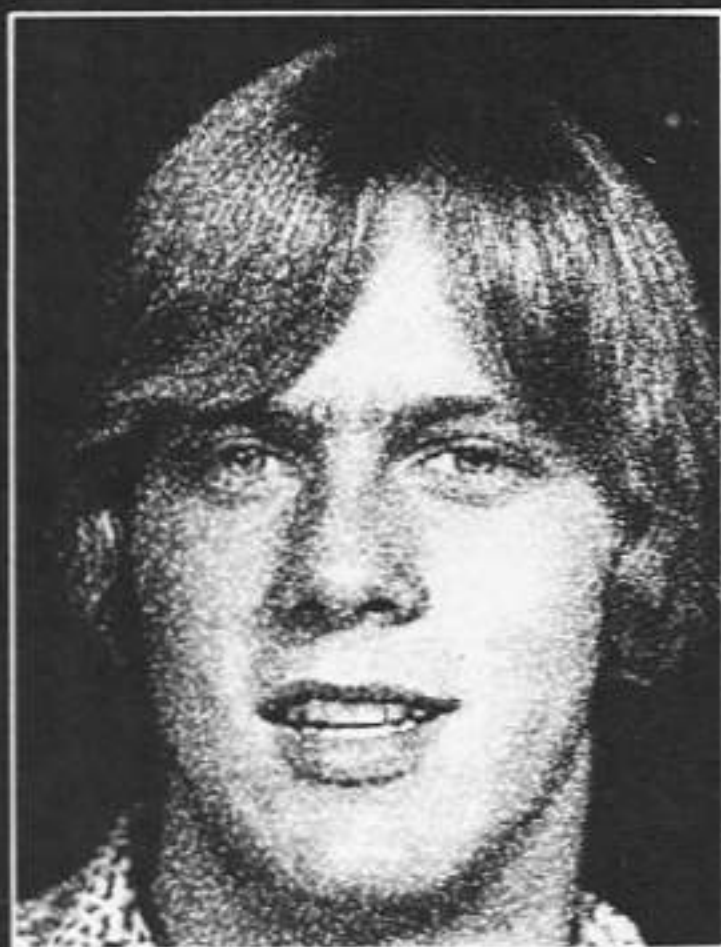
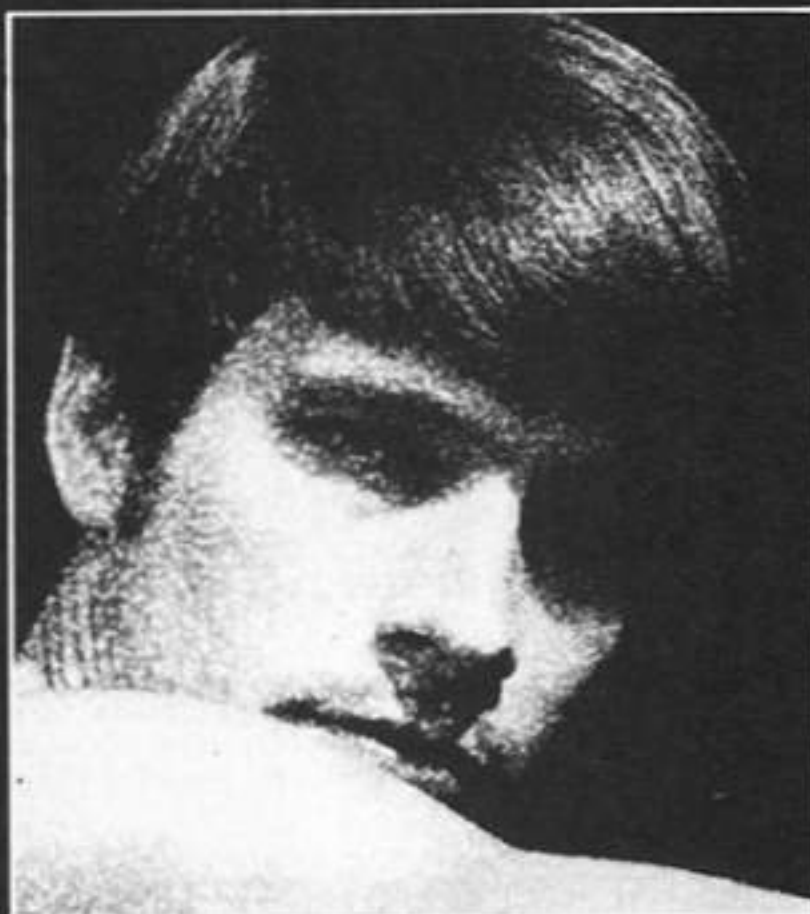
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# EDITOR'S PEN

The sensation we caused in December by paying tribute to an unsung artist named Harry Bush hasn't yet died down. So we went looking for Bush, whose drawings of hunky young dudes have been delighting for years, and we're proud to say he's joined *IN TOUCH* as a contributing illustrator with this issue. He helps us introduce Barnaby Shackleford's new column, "Much Ado About Nothing," in which we'll follow the trials and tribulations of a hapless lothario through thick and thin.

San Francisco, alias "Baghdad By The Bay," and Haiti, where it seems Warren Cummings' camera and typewriter never stopped clicking. And our "On The Town" columnists in Los Angeles, New York and London let you know what's happening elsewhere.

The great man of letters Christopher Isherwood shares his thoughts with us, and you'll find out what happened to filmmaker Wakefield Poole, who started it all with the male porn classic, *Boys In The Sand*, and proceeded from there.



Harry Bush's best known drawing, "Foxy."

You'll see more of Bush's work in future issues.

Contributing photographer Hy Chase has also returned, with coverman and centerfold Bob Buck, a carpenter we caught in the act. We think you'll also get off on dancer Sal Guange (captured by Richard Boetger's camera), an English farm boy by the name of Michael Walsh (lensed by Mike Arlen), and Alena Prime's portrait of a young Italian hunk named "Guido," our first look at a male through a woman's eye.

For summer travel, we take you to

Remember Russ Tamblyn, who danced in all those movies? You will.

Patricia Nell Warren, author of *The Front Runner*, tells us how it all came about, and what's in store for her now.

Curious about the lost art of tattooing? Well, it's not so lost, as you'll read here. And John Jack Baylin tells us the inside story of "Making It In La Jolla," in case you ever wondered about funny stuff rampant in the surf colony. Who hasn't?

If you think this is something, you should see what's coming up!

Special contributors to this issue: Mike Arlen, John Jack Baylin, Richard Boetger, Roy Hankey, Ken Howard, Alena Prime, Patricia Nell Warren.



## COMMENTS:

# JIM KEPNER

Annual gay parades in several cities commemorate the June 28-29, 1969 events at the Stonewall Inn in New York — the first known time gays publicly resisted a police raid. But these parades, held annually in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco and several smaller cities tell a lot more than shows on the street about the continuing fears and rationalization that immobilize so many gays.

It is easy to sympathize with the fear many have of being seen on the street that day, fear that even if they only watch from the sidelines, the scanning TV eye might single out their face and project it back into their parents' or neighbors' or boss' homes.

Few of the marchers underrate such fear — most of them spent several years under its debilitating

influence. But they made a decision that fear was a cold bedfellow, and they usually discovered that their mothers and bosses already knew the big secret anyhow. By shouting, "Out of the closets and into the streets," the paraders mean to encourage, not to intimidate, those who haven't yet broken with fear and shame, those who still try to live so needlessly with their souls masked and thwarted.

But some of my readers may be saying now, "Hey, come on! I'm not in the closet and I wouldn't be caught dead near one of those parades!"

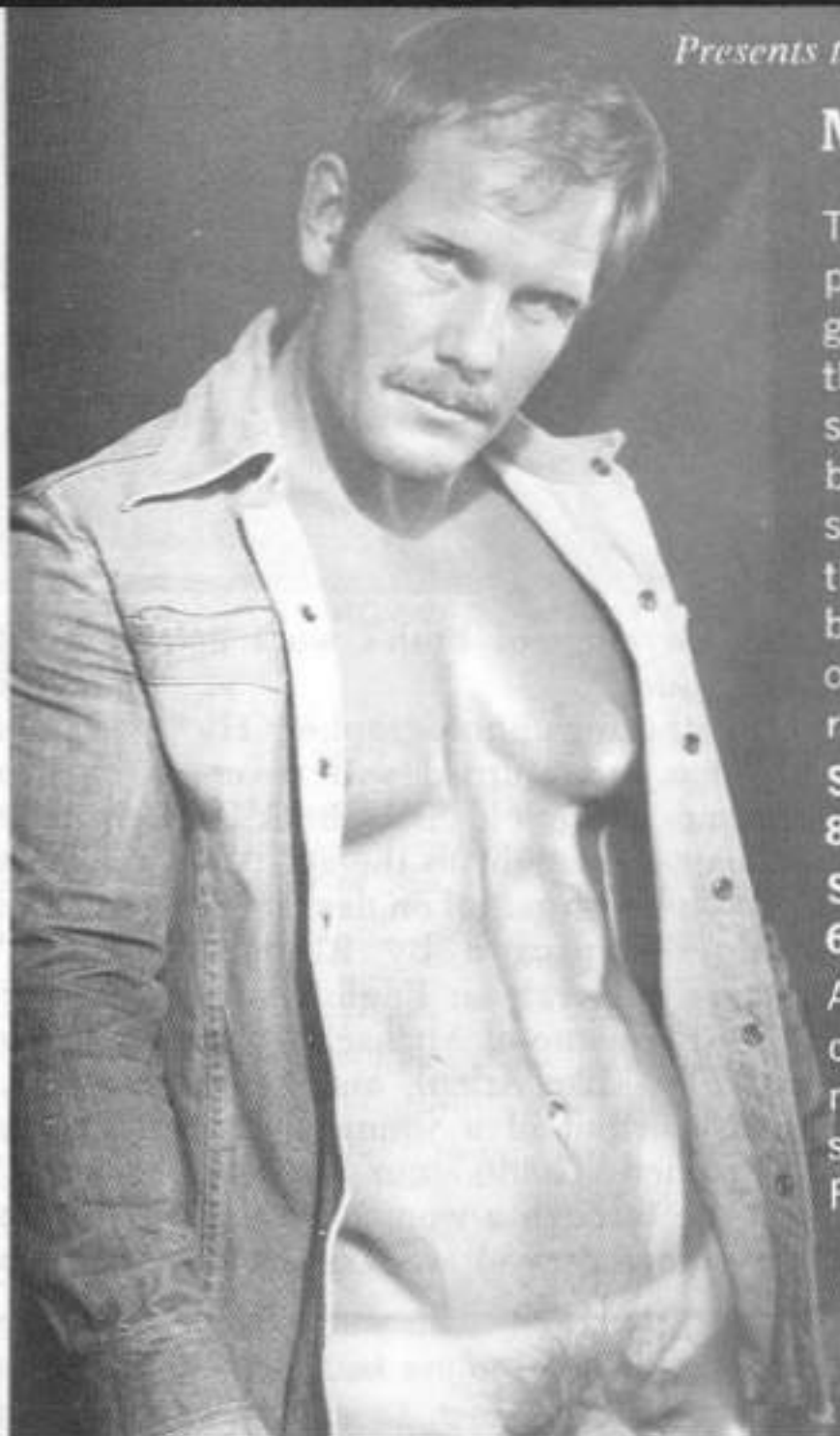
If fear was the sole reason, the parade organizers would encourage us to get up in such a costume that no one would possibly recognize us, and come on out and get a taste of that liberated feeling. But more likely your reason is prejudice: you don't

like some of the people you've seen in some past parade.

Hard to understand — and much more loudly and persistently heard — are those who excuse their failure to lift a finger on behalf of gay rights (all right, maybe they lifted just one finger three years ago) by repeated verbal sniping at the parades and paraders, or at gay activists generally. To this writer, these complaints have a tired old sound.

When I first came out, years ago, I asked the first ten gays I met when we were going to stop taking shame and calumny and persecution lying down, when we were going to get together and do something about our own situation. All of those I talked to passed the buck, and surprisingly, they all used the same excuse, that they wouldn't be caught dead in a room full of screaming queens. Not that they showed any reluctance

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about being in a bar full of screaming queens, they just didn't want any serious discussions of their own problems whether or not queens were present.

I couldn't see what screaming queens had to do with it. Most of those I talked to about starting an organization were butch enough, at least in appearance, and I certainly never made the grade as a screaming queen myself. They were simply passing the buck, saying that the queens were somehow to blame for all our problems, and it seems to me that those who criticize the handful of drag queens that have been in our parades to date are doing the same thing.

The gay community is a very diverse group. It includes radicals and conservatives, Christians, Jews, agnostics, persons who are on a respectability trip and others who think that is all a shame. It includes men and women, and now, quote a number of children as well. It includes men who are proud of being effeminate, men who are easily masculine and men who have a great admiration for a masculinity they don't exactly possess.

We of course want to show that not

all gay males are drag queens. You don't accomplish that by keeping the drag queens out of the parade, or even by keeping them from being visible. You accomplish that by getting large numbers of gays on the street projecting every conceivable kind of image.

We need to have pride not only in our gayness, but in our diversity as gays. Get the hard-hats and business suits out there on the street too, in large numbers. Let the general public see that gays come in all types. But don't try to polish your personal image by trying to put other gays down, to make them feel unwanted.

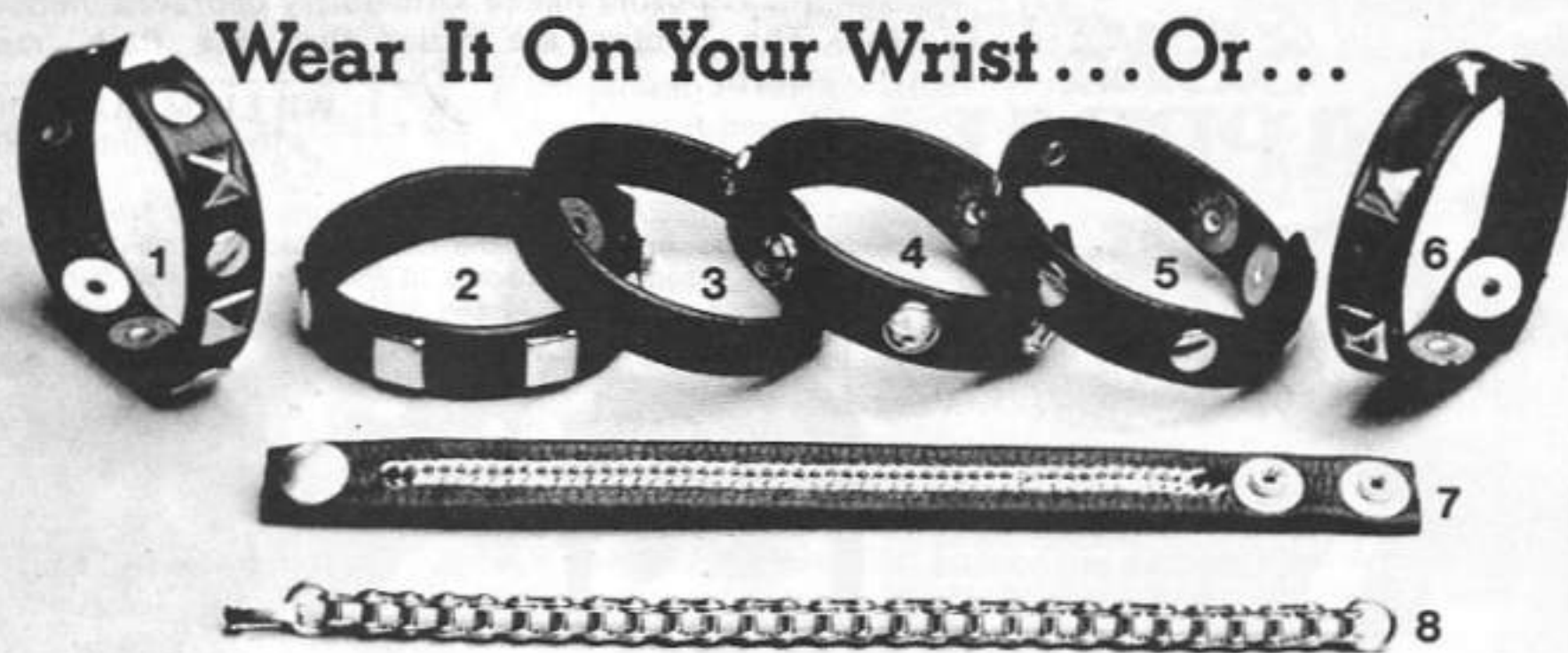
When we can show that there are gays in the PTA (get a contingent out on the streets), the Bricklayer's Union, the AMA and the ABA, on every campus in the country, in every possible religious and political orientation (God knows we already know we have gay communists and gay Nazis, and gays have made remarkable progress in the democratic and libertarian parties at least), then we can shake loose the idea, which never was true, that one drag queen makes an "image" for all of us.

The point is we have to stop pass-

ing the buck on this image question. I make my own image, for better or worse. For each of us, participation in the parade is a way of saying, "I'm glad I'm gay, and I love my gay brothers and sisters."

Some paraders are saying, in a completely disingenuous way, "Look mom and pop, I'm gay!" Some are putting on their personal show as a declaration of independence from the police and social oppression generally, saying, "Fuck off fuzz, I've had enough." Some are saying, more for public consumption than for their own edification, "Look world, we're decent, respectable citizens, just-exactly-like-you." Others are saying, "I'm free, and I intend to stay free." Some are hoping to find that perfect lover marching alongside them, and others are awash in an expanding tide of brotherly-sisterliness.

For Los Angeles, the Christopher Street West Committee decided this year on a bold innovation (already tested elsewhere) — setting the big parade on July 4th to emphasize the point that gays have been very much a part of American history during the past 200 years — even if the general public wasn't often aware of our contributions.



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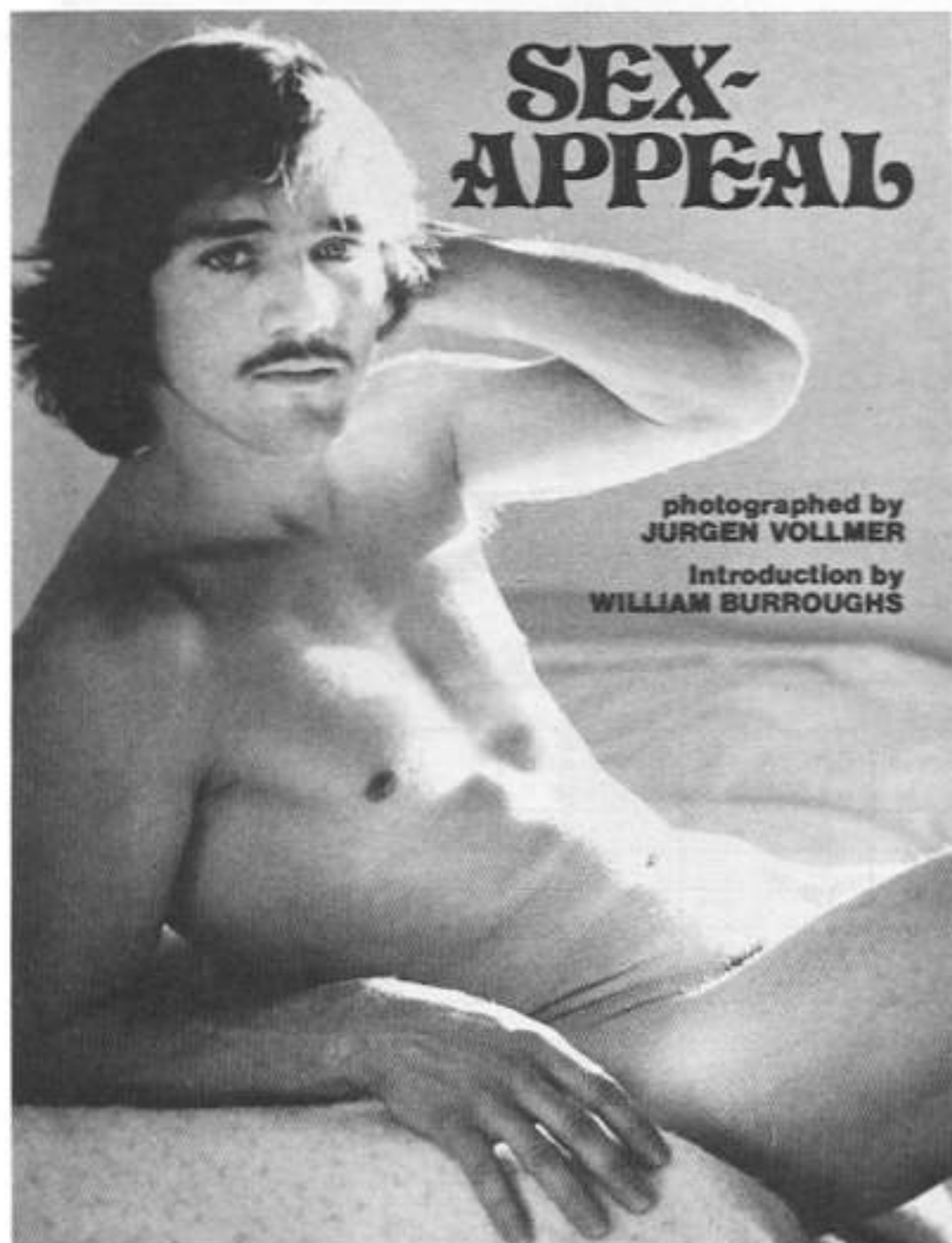
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# music

11



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Elizabeth And Essex includes the overture played at the premiere of that film and consisting of five main sequence themes of the picture. A longer suite from "Of Human Bondage" (the '45 version) and the inspired "Cello Concerto in C" from "Deception" are among the seven films represented.

Korngold is also represented on **Captain Blood: Classic Film Scores For Errol Flynn**, through the title film and additional excerpts from his scores for "The Adventures of Robin Hood" and "The Sea Hawk." But the prize of this collection are the seven themes which musically encapsulate "The Adventures of Robin Hood," one of the most lusty and romantic by the dean of film composers, Max Steiner. Steiner's "Dodge City" and "They Died With Their Boots On" scores also thrill.



Franz Waxman's tribute, **Sunset Boulevard**, includes "The Bride of Frankenstein," a score that was to be reprised in the Flash Gordon serials. The three roar MGM lion is heard on Waxman's maintitle for "The Philadelphia Story." The "A Place in The Sun" suite is an added bonus in this richly varied salute.

"The Red House," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Lost Weekend," "The Four Feathers," "Double Indemnity," "Knights of the Roundtable," "Ivanhoe," and "The Jungle Book" are sampled in **Spellbound**. Many are performed better on other albums, but the virtue of this presentation is in its representative variety, suggesting that Korngold has focussed his format to better indicate the scope and range of the composers whose distinguished and belatedly cherished scores he is making

available again.

**Classic Film Scores For Bette Davis** is marred by a dreadful reading of Alfred Newman's "All About Eve" maintitle. The collection includes eight Davis picture themes by Max Steiner, including the gunshot opening of "The Letter" and the waltz from "Jezebel." The prize of this pack is Franz Waxman's psychologically revealing reflection from "Mr. Skeffington."

**Now Voyager** is devoted to some of the best from Steiner's 300-plus film scores. The suite from "King Kong," the heavenly finale to "Voyager," "Saratoga Trunk" and "The Informer" are its savories.

Steiner's familiar Warner Brothers' fanfare kicks off **Casablanca**, a studio-hopping tour of Humphrey Bogart films. Steiner's "Key Largo" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" are prime and Victor Young takes his first bow in this series with his theme from "The Left Hand of God."

Composer Alfred Newman is not as well represented on **Captain From Castile** as he was in his own earlier Mercury recording of that score. "The Vision" from "Song of Bernadette" and the "Street Scene" overture to "How To Marry a Millionaire," complete with the 20th fanfare, are tops, along with the rarely heard hornpipe from "Down To The Sea In Ships."

Before his death, Steiner authorized the expanded version of **Gone With The Wind** which includes many themes never before recorded. This is the first recording that has not employed a reduced orchestra. The symphony is precisely the same size as the original studio group. A lavish sound.

**Citizen Kane: Classic Film Scores Of Bernard Herrmann** includes the famous Aria from "Salammbô," sung straight and beautifully by soprano Kiri Te Kanawa, but excludes the newsroom gavotte and the March of Time themes. "Concerto Macabre" from "Hangover Square" is the gem among the five films represented.

We're holding our breath for the announcement of the next recordings, all of which have been directed with knowledgeable and constant *con amore* intelligence.

There's not a weak track on Eddie Kendricks' **He's A Friend** (Tamla), a super Norman Harris production propelled by composers Allan Felder, Bruce Gray, T. G. Conway and Harris. Conway and Harris provided

the shoulder shaking arrangements, great for dancing, balling or simply meaningful eye contact. Kendricks has wisely decided to blend into a great sound instead of trying to front it . . . Many of the same personnel, including guitarist Harris, participate on Dee Dee Sharp's **Happy 'Bout The Whole Thing** (The Sound of Philadelphia), solid soul, hit bound on the strength of her click single "I'm Not In Love."

One of the most highly touted albums of the year is **Wings At The Speed Of Sound** (Capitol). The build-up heightens the let-down. Linda McCartney is proving to be Paul's Yoko. The tracks have a tired '60s familiarity without past freshness or '70s maturity remarkably undistinguished . . . They are working Loretta Lynn too hard. When **The Tingle Becomes A Chill** (MCA) is packed with cover tracks of war-movers. The better originals appear to have been rushed through between one-nighter engagements, and the strain is showing.

Lynyrd Skynyrd's **Gimme Back My Bullets** (MCA) is latter day Creedence without the hairy balls and red neck persistence of Black Oak Arkansas. Best track is "I Got The Same Old Blues." The rest is truck stop juke background.

—Damon West

## on the town

### san francisco:

Three plays have joined the American Conservatory Theatre's repertory to round out what has been an uncommonly rewarding, if uneven, A.C.T. season.

Peter Shaffer's "Equus," the disturbing drama which made history on stage in London and New York, is by far the best news, an awesome and strikingly original work revolving around a neurotic young man's passionate affinity for horses and a subsequent violent act which has caused his being committed.



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by  
Patricia Nell Warren

It all begins when one of the most "colorful, mysterious, and disreputable" young men in a small town in Montana, sets about to captivate Tom Meeker, a twenty-eight-year-old Catholic priest.

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Shaffer's brooding depiction of the confrontation between the boy's unusual behavior and the inner conflicts which arise in the psychiatrist appointed by the court to treat him makes for an arresting, acutely insightful piece of probing theatre, beautifully enhanced by A.C.T.'s masterful production values and the consistently competent talents of its resident acting company.

As the psychiatrist, Peter Donat delivers a coherent, convincing performance, carefully underlined with torn fury and compassion. Daniel Zippi creates in the boy a jigsaw puzzle of torment and almost feverish bewilderment and psychotic helplessness. The rest of the cast, particularly Megan Cole's poignant playing of the shocked, alienated mother and Fredi Olster as a stoic court magistrate, provide constructive support.

William Ball's direction is compact and lucid, allowing for a vividly emotional, as well as physically expressive, evening. In all, "Equus" proves a pulsating, highly theatrical work, surely one of A.C.T.'s superior endeavors.

Also in the company's current schedule are "Taming of the Shrew," a lusty, bawdy *commedia d'elle arte* rendition of Shakespeare's classic male chauvinist marital romp, with Fredi Olster and Anthony Teague outstanding as Petruchio and Kate, and "Peer Gynt," Ibsen's timeless, though ponderous, epic spiritual voyage. A demanding experience (running close to four hours), "Peer Gynt" nonetheless has been cleverly staged by Allen Fletcher, managing to capture a fairy tale-like quality and emerging a vastly enriching entertainment.

Two "gay" plays opened recently — and closed immediately thereafter, to no one's dismay. "Us, the Rest of Us," produced and directed by Robert L. Wodzinski, was an earnest attempt to explore, simultaneously, the relationships between (a) two men, (b) two women, and (c) a man and a woman, but it became buried beneath an avalanche of irrelevant, discursive extraneous material and a monotonous, uninspired varnish of music and dance.

"Rusty," the first undertaking by a newly created local gay theatre company, 444 Productions, was a laughably absurd takeoff on the "Camille" theme — only this time the hero was languishing from

leukemia. If the premise was rusty to begin with, the execution became a corrosive assault to anyone's sensibilities, unimaginatively directed and written by Dean Goodman (nee Douglas Dean) and performed sub-soap opera level by Jack Wrangler and Michael ("The Happy Hustler") Kearns.

Ginger Rogers brought her new, lavishly produced nightclub act to the Venetian Room at the Fairmont. Adequately (and admirably) backed by four attractive, talented male dancers, Rogers proved that glamour and movie-star style don't diminish over the years, if agility does. With considerable verve, Rogers flitted fitfully through the dances and songs that made her (with partner Fred Astaire) synonymous with elegant '30s film footwork, and substantially rewarded the adoring audience with what they had really come for — nostalgia.



Frank Loverde

Over at the Showroom, the comfortable new nightclub inside San Francisco's premier disco, The City, two acts debuted which will undoubtedly be heard from along the gay club circuit. Frank Loverde, a good-looking and energetic singer backed by a truly hot female trio, provided an engaging and professionally delivered hour of well-rounded musical selections. Mama's Boys, billed as a "Ball-Z-Revue," is a group which primarily does satirical skits and tries, usually without success, to incorporate video-taped material. Some of the tapes are amusing, but the transitions are combersome, and the whole show could use tightening, a better background sound system, and raunchier



material. Obviously their intent is to be lascivious, but the gags are undeniably puerile. In other words, they could use a few lessons from the Cycle Sluts.

—Bob Kiggins

## new york:

**D**iscos in New York, which have been going great guns all winter, are giving way to the streets and Fire Island. Flamingo, one of the hottest spots in town for after-hours dancing, has closed for the duration so that Fire Islanders can get away to the isle of delight. It re-opens in September. On the other hand, 12 West will remain open all summer for those who like the city instead of the beach.



Brian Petersen

This year's gay pride march will be held June 27th, marching from Christopher Street to Central Park, and the National Democratic Convention opens only two weeks after the gay march and there are mass demonstrations planned for the occasion.

Meanwhile, New Yorkers are relaxing at places like Uncle Paul's bar, a new and gay-owned watering spot located, appropriately enough, at the corner of Christopher and Gay. It's one of those old fashioned New York gay bars where people actually meet and talk and dance instead of standing and staring.

Elsewhere in Manhattan, crowds have been flocking to Peter Jackson's *POUFF*, a fast paced, glittering

revue in the tradition of The Blue Angel's *ZOU* which has taken up residence at La Vie En Rose on East 56th Street. The show is your basic early decadence, featuring transvestite performers miming great stars of the past and a stunning array of glitterized male chorus boys wearing big smiles and little else. It's good, mindless entertainment for gays and straights who like their fun up front and audacious.

Uncle Charlie's South, one of New York's most popular cruise bars, has started showing first run films on Monday nights. Recently their feature was *Taxi Driver*, drawing even larger crowds than usual to the friendly bar on Third Avenue. Speaking of *Taxi Driver*, a famous red-headed singer is in love with it's star, Robert DeNiro, who happens to live in her neighborhood, Greenwich Village. They run into each other occasionally but, says the singer "He doesn't even know who I am. Everytime I see him it's a disaster. Last week I ran into the liquor store to get a bottle of Tequila and there he was! As usual, I looked like two cents!" Perhaps that will all change if they should star in a film together. Rumor has it that this divine singer wants to re-make *Twentieth Century* and DeNiro is the perfect choice for the Barrymore role.

Notes from all over town include reports that singer Marilyn Sokol is still wowing them at the Ballroom after a record breaking eight weeks. Gotham will play Provincetown this summer and may fly back to our town to play the gay pride rally after the march and jazz singer Baby Jane Dexter will reside at Reno Sweeney sometime in June for a week of scat and song. . . . Barry Manilow received *After Dark's* Ruby Award, becoming the first male performer to do so. Last year's winner was Oscar nominee Ann-Margret. When asked what the qualifications were for choosing a Ruby winner, an *After Darker* said "well . . . they have to be in town . . ." . . . The Club Baths held their annual Mr. Club contest and anniversary party this Spring, drawing crowds of reporters and fun-seekers, some of whom were picked up by limousine. The winner was handsome Howard Christopher, a 22-year-old bartender at The Last Call . . . Garbo was spotted emerging from a matinee of "A Matter Of Gravity" starring Kate Hepburn last week and ran two blocks to avoid photographers.

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Bars • Bookstores • Theatres  
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Ted Hook's Backstage Restaurant on West 45th Street seems to be shaping up as the new "in-spot" for Broadway greats. Hook, a longtime show business figure, was once personal secretary to the late Talullah Bankhead and recently held "auditions" for waiters and waitresses which were covered by the New York news media.

Last week Liza Minelli, in town for the shooting of a PBS documentary on her work (written by Sondheim & Co. author, Craig Zadan) climbed aboard the piano and sang for an hour, delighting the Backstage crowd which included Ethel Merman and Chita Rivera. Rivera later got into the act in a duet with Minelli. Also in the crowd, "Equus" Richard Burton, squiring seven friends to dinner after the theater.

Hook has found a great amount of love from the theater and film people who have begun to call his place home. It was his birthday last week and Tab Hunter dropped by to have dinner. The next day another actor showed up with birthday greetings — Jose Ferrer. Sardi's, watch out!

—Vito Russo

## los angeles:

Summer in Los Angeles. Hazy mornings, sunny afternoons and the ingredients for some hot nights. Theatrically, the heat will really start in July when Michael Bennett's "A Chorus Line" begins sizzling at the Shubert Theatre. This is also going to be one of the hottest tickets in town and by now there are probably few seats to be had for the summer months.

The original Broadway cast, most of which we are getting here, should also still be ignited from winning nine Tony Awards (the night the gypsies took over Broadway) and will be strutting their stuff for Hollywood audiences. Bennett, who has been rehearsing two new companies of the musical, gave the original cast first choice in coming West for the TV and film exposure, with one of the new casts taking over on Broadway and the other starting off on an international tour.

It should also be pretty warm across town at the Ahmanson Theatre where the Civic Light Opera is presenting the national company of "The Wiz." It will be interesting to

see how the rather staid CLO patrons (most of whom have been subscribing from the early days when the emphasis was on operetta) react to this funky, soul version of "The Wizard of Oz." Across the Music Center Mall, the CLO will also be presenting the world premiere of David Merrick's new musical, "The Baker's Wife," starring Topol in his Los Angeles stage debut.

The CLO has also cancelled its previously scheduled production of "Can Can" because they couldn't find a suitable star (Melina Mercouri couldn't afford to do it because of the tax situation now that she's back in Greece). In its place will be Harold Prince and Stephen Sondheim's "Pacific Overtures," which opens August 31. I'm still looking forward to seeing this despite the dull number they presented on the Tony Awards show.

The Huntington Hartford



"Pacific Overtures"

Theatre, right in the heart of Hollywood, will be housing the national company of Peter Shaffer's mind-shattering "Equus." Brian Bedford stars as the psychiatrist, with Dai Bradley as the youth who is put under his care after blinding six horses who witnessed his fling in the haystack with a local girl. It's a brilliant, powerful play, pitting conventionality against the possibility of daring to give way totally to abandoned passion, freely and without fear. Society can snuff out what it considers a deviated passion, but Shaffer questions what it can offer to replace that spirit.

In June, Neil Simon's new play, "California Suite," will still be at the Ahmanson Theatre getting ready to head for Broadway. This is made up



of four short playlets, all set in the same suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel, two of which are among the best things Simon has ever written.

Other shows playing in June include Zero Mostel at the Shubert Theatre in the first engagement of his six-month farewell tour in "Fiddler on the Roof" and the Spring Repertory program at the Mark Taper Forum, which includes three interesting new plays — David Rudkin's "Ashes," Susan Miller's "Cross Country" and Oliver Hailey's "And Where She Stops Nobody Knows" — rotating in performance with a new production of Chekhov's "Three Sisters."

For nightclub activity, Studio One is still Hollywood's hottest for both dancing and excellent entertainment in the Backlot Room. While the club is basically gay, the show room attracts a mixed crowd and in recent months has also become a place to star gaze. Ross Hunter tossed an opening night party for Kaye Ballard there, and Debbie Reynolds, Ann Miller and Jane Powell were just a few of the stars lighting up the room. Hunter, as you remember, produced all those women's pictures of the late 1950s and early 1960s and he now has a new deal to develop several TV projects. So when he beckons, the old girls turn out in force. Telly Savalas and Paul Lynde have also been in several times (no, not together) and other celebrities who have dropped in for dinner and the show have included Lana Turner (looking absolutely gorgeous), Don Rickles and Ricardo Montalban. Liv Ullmann also stopped by one night, but got upset by the rudeness of the maitre d' and quickly stormed out.

Bar-wise, Los Angeles has something to satisfy every taste, ranging from drag shows and movies to bikers and slave auctions (they're big here this season, even though Crazy Ed did his best to free the slaves). So take your pick and have a hot summer.

—Ron Englert

## London:

**M**ad Dogs and Englishmen not only venture out in the midday sun, they ride London's tube, despite I.R.A. bombings. They have confidence in a leading politician reported to have homosexual relations with a male model. The TV Best Actor Award is

given to John Hurt for his portrayal of Quentin Crisp in "The Naked Civil Servant." Crisp, of course, was a real-life, self-confessed homosexual who brought enormous suffering upon himself 30 years ago by wearing flamboyant clothes, heavy make-up and carrying on like it was 1976. Yet these same Limeys are now contemplating lowering the age of consent to 14 for both homo and heterosexual relationships. Yet they ban *Deep Throat* as obscene, raid publishers of gay magazines who print nude pictures of the stalwart guardsmen who parade in front of Buckingham Palace, and hustlers are hustled off by boy faced cops who check out London's many glory holes.

Lately the BBC has been offering viewers of the tube late night shows of bare nipples, frontal nudes and semi-erections, copulating under the sheets, adult incest and uncensored



Nicky Henson

dialogue. To an American, British TV is as wild as Hollywood Boulevard or 42nd Street on Halloween.

Bare boobs, frontal nudes and salty language is not only on the tube; London's 50 or more live theatres offer fantastic fare at very reasonable prices. The best seats go for around \$6 and with the English Pound now hitting rock bottom, the dollar goes a long way. A Scotch whiskey during the intermission in any theatre will run about 70 cents and programs are sold at 20 cents.

London's Prince of Wales theatre has just opened with a new musical, "Mardi Gras," a colorful extravaganza starring Nicky Henson and Marsha Hunt. It's set in the heyday of New Orleans, with authentic jazz and voodoo dancing. If you've never

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been to the Mardi Gras, this new musical will certainly tempt you to make the trip this year.

Henson may be seen on U.S. TV screens in a BBC six-parter on the life of Balzac, the French novelist who wrote explicit sex novels to put bread on the table and spent as much time in bed researching new ideas, as he did scribbling down his sexploits the next morning. Henson also stars in "The Lusty Adventures of Tom Jones," a new erotic version now in release which leaves little to the imagination.

Eating spots that are reasonably priced and clean are not in great abundance in the center of London, but you can never go wrong by trying out The Swiss Centre situated between Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square on Coventry Street. Traditional Swiss food is available in their basement restaurants and anything else Swiss can be obtained in other parts of the huge building. The waiters are incredibly efficient, always smiling and quite often worth the visit alone. My grateful thanks to Roland and Larry of Le Salon International, who really showed me what to order from the full and varied menu . . . when they're around, everyone has a good time . . . if you're not lucky enough to be hosted by Le Salon . . . McDonalds, not too far away in the Haymarket, is very much the same as "back home" except, if you figure it out, the prices are almost double . . . but they're the only places in England where an American hamburger will taste familiar.

—Roger Asquith

## books

**THE FREUD/JUNG LETTERS**, ed. by Wm. McGuire (Bollingen, \$6.95, 650 pgs.) is rewarding if not exactly exciting reading. Gays still owe much (both in the way of liberation and oppression) to Freud, and the romance (it isn't an exaggeration to call it that) between the two rather pompous doctors is fun to follow through to its breakup when Jung had the effrontery to think for himself. There are several important references to homosexuality, not all of them buried in the mumbo-jumbo of Freudian word-games.

The early letters show both F and J still convinced that masturbation can cause death and such ("I believe that the return to autoerotism is catastrophic for personality.") Jung from the start was not comfortable with Freud's emphasis on the primacy of the sex instinct, but when Freud wrote that his earlier friend Flies "developed a dreadful case of paranoia after throwing off his affection for me . . ." Jung took the hint and pledged his undying affection.

Ironically, Freud also suggested that perhaps Jung could approach Maximilian Harden who (he thought) had the ear of the Kaiser, to get a more favorable reception for his views in Germany. It was Harden who, a few months later, gay-baited several of Kaiser Wilhelm's personal friends and made a shambles of the German government (1907).

There are several references to Dr. Hirschfeld, the indefatigable crusader for homosexual law reform.



**WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED WAITER?** written and published by Jack Cione (\$2.75, 213 pgs.) a saucy account of this entrepreneur's introduction at Honolulu's Dunes Restaurant of naked male waiters, for the delectation of women customers bored with the strippers their escorts brought them to watch. Much frivolous ado about how this great social innovation was received (legal problems, naturally) and inside dope on the kinds of men who applied for the job — even one pre-op female-to-male transsexual. Many campy cartoons showing the waiters plying their trade, and photos of what amazing Butch plies his with.

**CHILDREN OF THE SUN, A Narrative of "Decadence" in England After 1918**, by Martin Green (Basic Books, \$15, 470 pgs.) is an astonishing and highly creative reconstruction of British intellectual life between World War I and II — decades when bold gays created a new lifestyle for upperclass young Englishmen.

Green approaches this cult of beautiful-young-men (and a few sophisticated women) with self-conscious distaste — a new Roundhead battling the Cavaliers. He admits his bias (half homophobia, half class prejudice) in a prologue account of a visit to the aging dandy, Harold Acton, a principal in this star-studded story. La Pietra, Acton's elegantly decorated family palace in Florence, ruffles Green, but he half apologizes for his partisanship at book's end.

Acton and his brother William came down to Eton, then to Oxford, soon after the war, as did Brian Howard, whose aestheticism had far more sting. In a general revulsion against the slaughter of a generation of young men on the Western Front, those who'd been too young to die revolted against the moral and cultural standards of their fathers, against all that England had stood for.

The revolt was led by flagrant gays like Acton and Howard, stylesetters for a generation of dandies, androgynous "sonnenkinder" resolutely committed to aestheticism, camp, fancy dress, cultured manners, partying, and to the worship of beautiful young men.

The brilliant dandies scorned the "heartiness" (machismo) which had led from "the playing-fields of England" to the far-flung empire to the war's charnelhouse trenches. They despised "growing up" (i.e., marriage, respectability, position), duty, seriousness and related artistic and literary currents. Though some of them flirted with leftwing politics (several later died in Spain) they were mostly aesthetic butterflies, electrified by Diaghilev's ballet — as by Stravinsky, Picasso, Stein and Cocteau. They idealized the early French Symbolists and the aesthetes of the nineties, who had been wiped out by Wilde's downfall.

Like Wilde, Dandyism is not held in high esteem by most gays today. Ironical that so many of us should be more akin to Green, who "chose the

(Please Turn To Page 90)



# THE DANCER

By BOB KIGGINS



To aspiring dancer Sal Guange there's nothing more important, or more rewarding, than the merging of the spiritual being with the physical being. He earnestly believes the body is a temple and the mind an integral instrument in achieving a unified, totally beautiful person, and his ambition is to create in himself as perfect a combination as possible.

His passport is yoga, which he has been practicing for 15 years and now teaches to interested members of Jeff's Gym in San Francisco. As he says, "I want those I coach to know it's a time of meditation — a time to know themselves inside — and to use that energy to bring their body to be flexible, healthy, defined and a useful vehicle to express who they really are."

The real Sal Guange is an assured, concerned, gamin-faced 26-year-old Cancerian. He's amiable and open, anxious to discuss his beliefs. "My times of meditation are very important to me," he points out. "I have to keep my body healthy and my mind intact; that's what is most important to me."

He's felt that way for a long time. Born and raised in Boston, Sal eschewed the usual teenage route of

athletics as a means of bettering his body, instead striving for spiritual growth as well. "I found yoga was becoming a body expression," he says of his early fascination with Hatha. "I was always curious about the unknown. I liked the enlightenment."

After high school and a brief, unrewarding apprenticeship as an electrician, Sal left Boston to pursue a career in theatre amidst the stimulus and excitement of New York. Supporting himself with odd jobs as a bartender, houseboy and model, he enrolled in the Herbert Berghof acting studio and took dance classes with the Joffrey and at City Center. Aside from a stint at a New Jersey dinner theatre playing Baby John in "West Side Story" and a position as house manager for the Grammercy Arts Theatre, professional theatre work was hard to come by. Meditation, yoga and a keen interest in developing his body kept him going. ("When I couldn't afford dance lessons, I'd spend four hours at the Y.")

In 1969, disillusioned ("I was tired of trying to stay, trying to make it."), Sal took to the road, thumbing his way across the U.S. and Canada. When he arrived in California, he

joined a ministry in Costa Mesa, eventually becoming an evangelist and discovering the personal satisfaction of utilizing dance as his means of expressing the mysticism of religion. "I danced and sang from the heart; I danced my freedom and worshipped and preached the truth through dance movement," he explains.

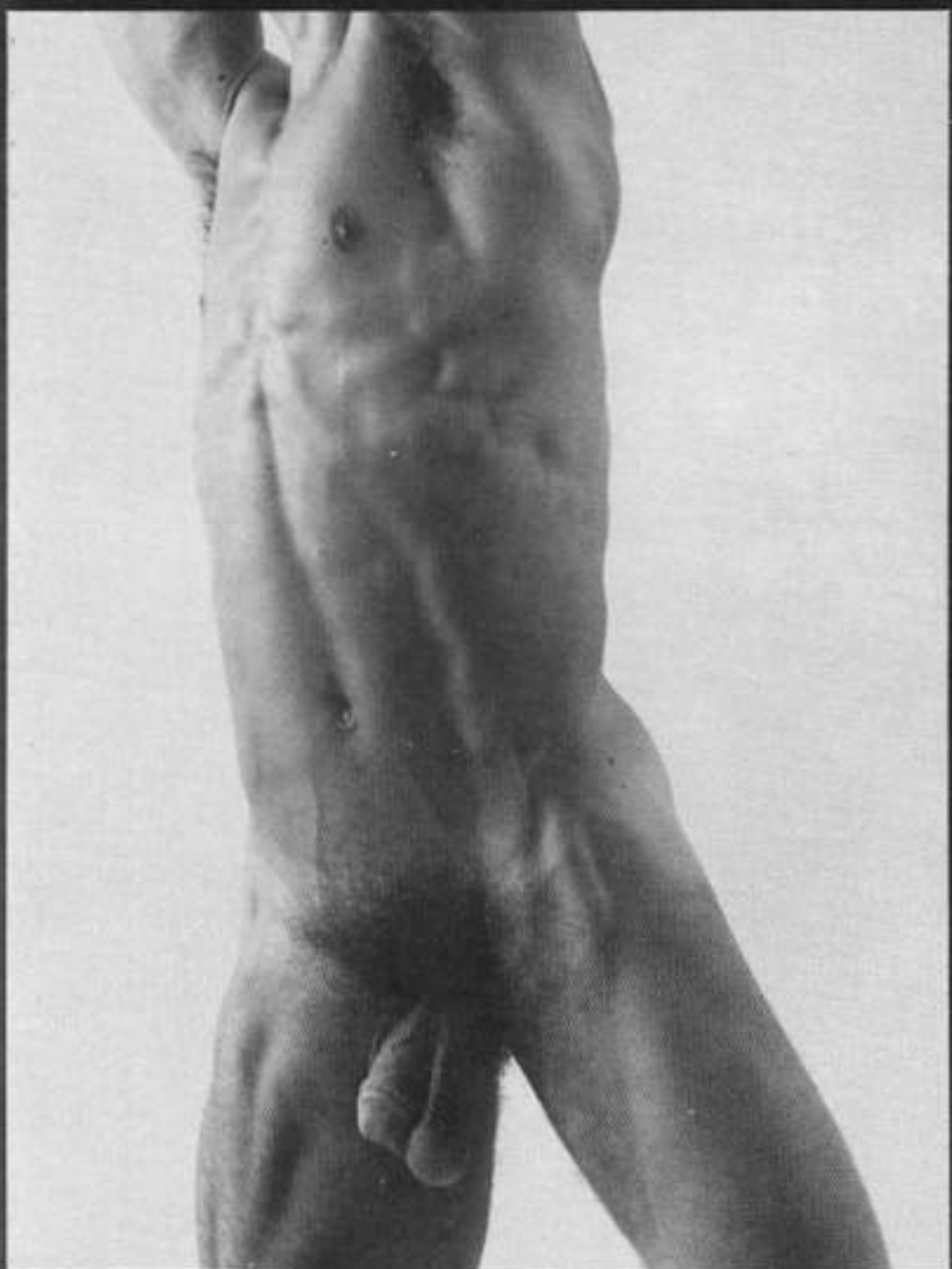
After three years; however, he found himself restless once again, and realized his original ambition to become a performer was still burning inside. He moved to San Francisco, a city he instantly fell in love with: "I always had curiosities about it. I felt warm, invited, and thought I had a chance to make some roots here." He's comfortable with the knowledge that it's a place where he can fully be himself, through his teaching at Jeff's Gym and in his pursuit of a dancing career. He's honest enough to admit he's still far from his goal, but knows what he wants. "I plan to achieve precision in a vocal and dance combination. I want to be more polished. Theatrical genius is what I strive for."

With his confident attitude and determination, that doesn't seem like such an impossible dream.











tom thumb



West Side Story



The Haunting



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# REMEMBER RUSS TAMBLYN?

By STEVE WARREN

After ten years of "semi-retirement," Russ Tamblyn is back in show business. He doesn't refer to it as a "comeback"; but he never thought of himself as a "dancer," either!

The man who entered the movies as "Russel Tamblyn," then became "Rusty" and finally "Russ," has gone through a few more changes since you saw him last. He's lived as an artist (Russel Tamblyn again) in California's Topanga Canyon, supported by occasional sales, old movie residuals (which have since run out) and a working wife.

But let's dissolve to the mid-'40s. "When I was 9 or 10," Tamblyn says, "I used to go to the movies with all the other kids. I'd run up on stage and do a little dance routine at intermission."

The theatre manager reported this latent Nijinsky to his mother, who started Russel taking tap dancing lessons. She didn't tell her husband, who had had a bad time in show business.

"They were having a war bond drive at the school I was going to," Tamblyn recalls. "I'd had three or four lessons and the only step I knew was the waltz clog. They sent me from class to class dressed as Uncle Sam, singing 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' and doing my step."

After some more experience in school, his parents enrolled him in the Screen Children's Guild, an organization he remembers as "a big racket — they had about 5,000 kids, most of whom never got work."

But Russel Tamblyn did, in a play called "The Stone Jungle," which Lloyd Bridges directed. There he was doubly discovered. Director Joseph Losey cast him in *The Boy With Green Hair*, and a Paramount talent scout asked him to audition for Cecil B. DeMille's *Samson and Delilah*.

While he was making those two, "I got an agent and kept doing movies." He estimates that he made "20 or 30" films between the ages of 13 and 17 — all in dramatic roles. It really seemed like the tap dancing lessons had been in vain.

Rusty Tamblyn's performance in *Retreat, Hell!* caught the attention of MGM executives, who signed him to a contract — as a dramatic actor. He finished high school at the studio, in a class with Elizabeth Taylor, Dean Stockwell and Claude Jarman, Jr.

"Dean and I are best friends," Tamblyn says. They met making *The Boy With Green Hair*, and their friendship continued through this MGM period. They lost track of each other for about a decade, but got together again and have been close ever since.

Tamblyn sounds mildly star-struck when he discusses Elizabeth Taylor. "I played her brother in two movies," he boasts, *Father of the Bride* and *Father's Little Dividend*. They were reunited in 1974 at the premiere of *That's Entertainment*. "I sat next to her," Tamblyn beams. Then he sags a little: "It was alphabetical."

About three nights later, he says, he saw her again — in the audience at a David Bowie concert. He fought the crowds at intermission to get close enough to say, "Do me a favor, Elizabeth, and stop following me around!"

When MGM was casting *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, choreographer Michael Kidd wanted to use dancers in the male roles (except for singer Howard Keel in the lead); but the studio insisted on casting two contract players, Jeff Richards and Russ Tamblyn.

"I wasn't supposed to dance," Tamblyn says; "I hadn't since I was a kid." But word of his ability leaked to

Kidd who, two weeks into rehearsals, asked to see what he could do. "I did a back flip for him there, and he decided he could use me as a dancer."

Many of the rave reviews for the film singled out Tamblyn's athletic terpsichore as one of its outstanding aspects. He was more surprised than anyone: "It was just square dancing to me — and tumbling."

That led to other musical roles, including *Hit the Deck*. While working on this film, Tamblyn "went Hollywood," influenced by his high-living co-stars, Vic Damone and Tony Martin.

"I made a lot of money, but I spent it all." That sums up about ten years of Tamblyn's life, covering such career highlights as *tom thumb* and *West Side Story*.

In 1964, he says, "I got bored with the entertainment thing." He insists his career was in no danger: "I was offered several television series . . . including 'Gilligan's Island' at that time. I coulda been a millionaire."

The turning point, he thinks, came when he threw a party for his neighbor, author Henry Miller. "At the time, I had a tremendous house in Pacific Palisades." His friend, Dean Stockwell, brought a couple of artists along, one of whom inspired Tamblyn, "a Sunday painter," to really express himself through art. "I became an artist when I stopped painting."

"I was looking for something deeper," Tamblyn says, "and I found it in art. . . . It was like a religious experience, giving up a career."

He made no movies for five years. He and his wife moved to a much more modest house in Topanga Canyon. It caught fire and about three-quarters of it burned. They lived in a tent on the property for a year.

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# SAN FRANCISCO

## Baghdad by the Bay

By BOB KIGGINS

Many things have been said about San Francisco. What's nice is that you hardly ever hear anything negative. Well, local scribe and city *Chronicler* Herb Caen does call it "Baghdad by the Bay" in his more cynical moments, but even that's positive, depending on your outlook.

One of my favorite descriptions of San Francisco is when George Saunders in *All About Eve* (speaking of cynics) called it "an oasis of civilization in the California desert." It's basically true, and one of the major reasons it's such a great place.

In an era of drive-in taco stands, clapboard condominiums and general American middleclass shopping mall aesthetics, San Francisco proudly remains a city that caters to one's sensibilities rather than obfuscating them behind tall buildings, concrete, plasticity and anonymity.

Sure, San Francisco hasn't completely escaped encroaching commercialism, but it's somehow resisted succumbing to it, and the beauty of the city lies in its ability to make even the obviously commercial tasteful and unobtrusive (unlike other parts of California, where tackiness has been raised to an art form). It's a refreshing reality and yet a paradoxical observation when you consider that San Francisco's second largest industry (after banking) is tourism.

Why do they come here, by the thousands, year-round? For the very reasons that diehard San Franciscans wouldn't live anywhere else: cosmopolitan sophistication, small-town friendliness, a reverent respect for the past, and an inbred tolerance and total acceptance of the offbeat, the outrageous, and that which might be considered societally abnormal. Including homosexuality.

San Francisco boasts an extraordinarily large percentage of gay residents. Statistically, it's estimated that almost 150,000 of San Francisco's 700,000 citizens are adult gay men. This, naturally, means that there are as many activities specifically attractive to the gay visitor as those things that are universally appealing, and the wise gay tourist would certainly take advantage of the best of all worlds. It's why San Francisco is a mecca for gay people, because here not only is there everything to do, but you'll find the best of it all.

San Francisco is a complex, wonderful blend of tradition, Old World charm, innovation and trendiness. It's down-to-earth and it's chic. It's exciting and it's mellow. It's clean. The weather is temperate, if unpredictable. It's lovely, with spectacular scenery amidst an urban environment. And there are a myriad of lifestyles and moods to experience.

The contrasts, in fact, are what the "real" San Francisco is all about. Chinatown's garish glamour and incomparable cuisine. Japantown's Kabuki Theatre and pseudo-Tokyo movie-set architecture. The funkiness of the Haight, long past its flower-power mentality and now into hip capitalism. Awesome, sleek skyscrapers towering over the Financial District ("Wall St. of the West"). The honky-tonk, pinball parlor glitter of lower Market Street. Colorfully ethnic Mission Street. The stately, aloof splendor of Nob Hill, Russian Hill, Telegraph Hill. The Marina. Strip joints along Broadway. Swans gliding along the pond behind the Palace of Fine Arts. Fog enveloping the Golden Gate Bridge. The breathtaking view at night from Twin Peaks. The flower gardens in Golden Gate Park. The stirring drama of the Pacific crashing against the cliffs at Land's End. All of those sights are unique, yet uniquely San Francisco.

Nightlife? It abounds. The theatre scene is alive and thriving. One of the country's finest professional repertory companies, the American Conservatory Theatre, is based here at the Geary. Now in their tenth year, A.C.T. is in the midst of a fine season which has included works from Shakespeare to O'Neill, the first West Coast production of "Equus."







Photo by San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau

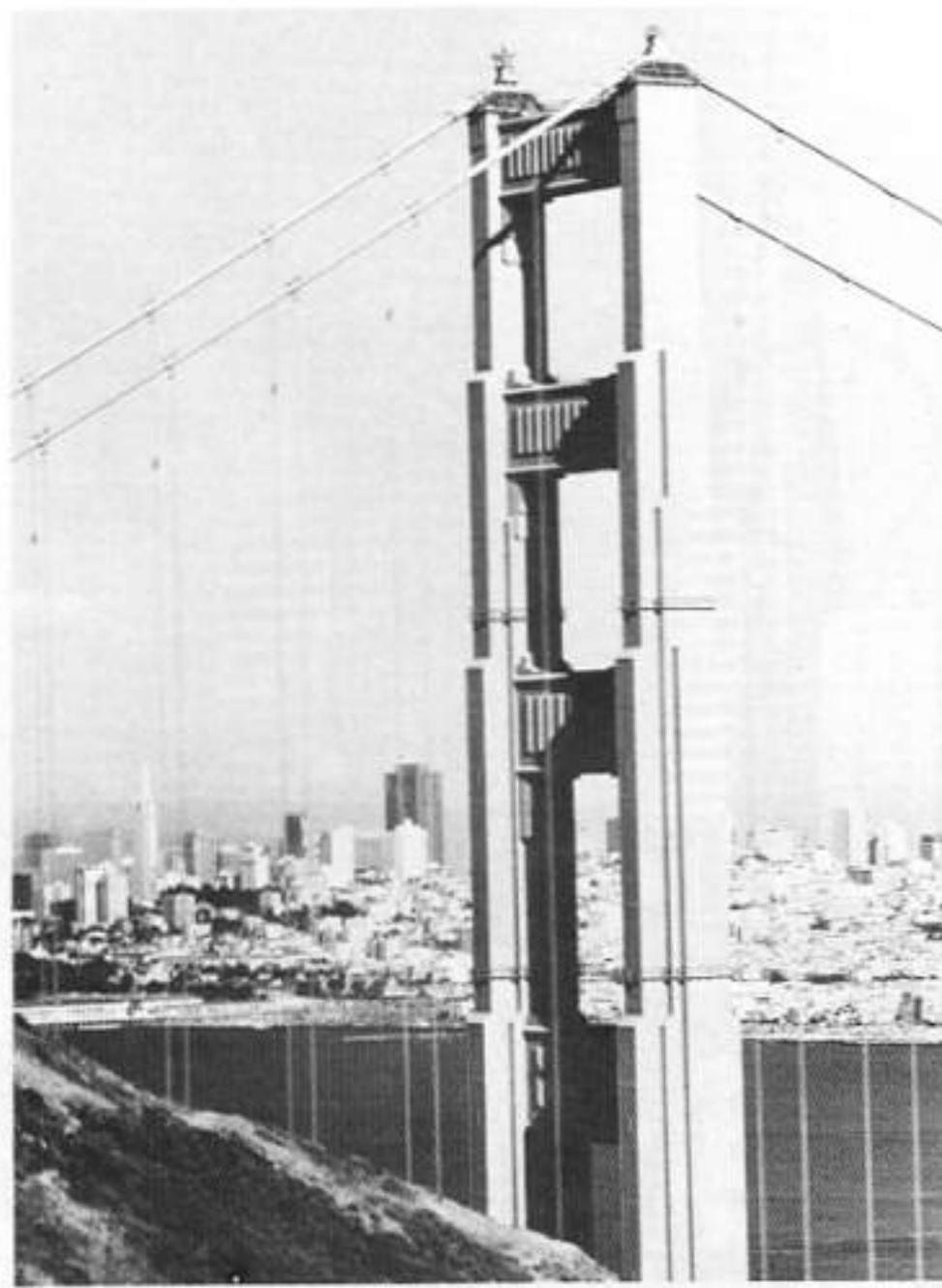


Photo by San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau

Photo by San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau

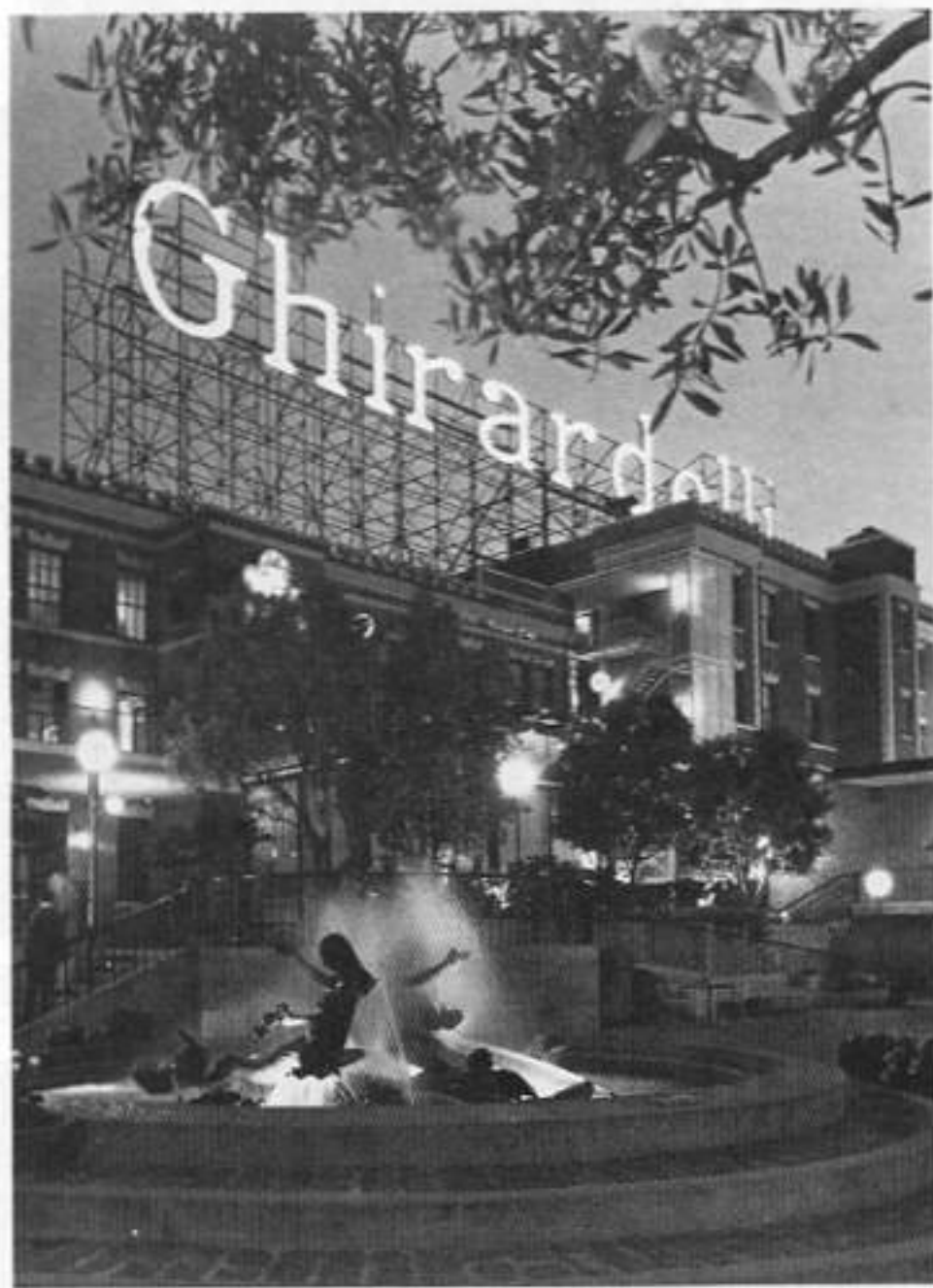


Photo by Charles Adams/Dino



and two world premieres — Tennessee Williams' "This Is (An Entertainment)" and Michael McClure's "General Gorgeous."

Next door at the Curran, the Civic Light Opera brings to town more commercial fare, big-name musicals either trying out or tried and true ("A Chorus Line" has just arrived.)

Other touring shows inevitably wing their way to San Francisco, and there are countless smaller showcases providing stimulating experimental works and revivals.

Opera is a venerated and widely supported institution. Aside from the San Francisco Opera's fall season where major works are lavishly produced with renowned guest artists, we have the Spring Opera and Brown Bag Opera, the latter offering free performances outdoors.

Dance is popular, too, ranging from the technical expertise of the San Francisco Ballet to smaller, more adventuresome companies (Dance Spectrum, Pacific Ballet, Shela Xoregos, Oakland Ballet).

Symphony and chamber music buffs will find diversification and a wealth of outlets to hear the finest in classical music.

For night-clubbing, there's something for every taste. Big Vegas-type draws (Peggy Lee, the Supremes, Anthony Newley) usually play the opulent (and expensive) Venetian Room at the Fairmont Hotel. When Lily Tomlin, Patti Smith or Arlo Guthrie come to town, they're at the Boarding House. The Savoy (behind the Savoy-Tivoli Restaurant in North Beach) is a fairly new room presenting acts primarily of the hard rock variety (Mike Bloomfield, Sylvester), although you can catch a reggae band on occasion. Jazz is the staple of the Great American Music Hall.

As for gay "entertainment," it's as varied as the different gay sections of San Francisco. If daytime cruising is your thing, Castro Street is your answer. Sunday afternoons in the vicinity of 18th & Castro Streets are a phenomenon, and on a sunny day the sidewalks are virtually impassable. Start with a brunch at either the Badlands, Fanny's or the Neon Chicken. Move on for Bloody Marys or Irish Coffees (did you know they were invented in San Francisco?) at either Twin Peaks or the Elephant

Walk. Both bars have window seating for people-watching.

Still in a partying mood? By this time the other bars — all popular — will be in full swing, and you can mingle with the multitudes at, say, Toad Hall or the Art Deco-rated Midnight Sun.

Into leather? If so, you've got lots of company on Folsom Street, where that has been raised to an art form, with a wide array of watering spots catering specifically to leather lovers. At the moment the Hungry Hole is "in" and has the crowds to prove it. Other establishments worth checking out are The Bolt (formerly the No Name), which has been refurbished to resemble a construction site and features live "athletic events"; the Ramrod, where you can catch a free flick; and the Ambush, fun if a bit more laid back.

And while you're south of Market, don't miss a visit to the Trading Post Emporium, a tastefully appointed leather "department store." Everything from porn, toys, furniture and clothing to plants is stocked there. (Be sure to investigate their "Meditation Chapel" whether or not you're feeling penitent.)

San Francisco's other major gay ghetto is the area around Polk Street, where the atmosphere is very New York — stylish haberdasheries, bookstores, fancy import shops, cafes, delicatessens, intimate restaurants, and flashy bars. Prevalent Polkstrasse sites are Leather Forever, its name an apt-enough description, and Le Salon, a veritable palace of erotic literature.

The disco beat goes on in San Francisco. The largest and snazziest is The City, which attracts all types. Aside from having the roomiest dance floor in town, as well as one of the best sound systems, The City also has a serviceable dining room, record and jewelry stores, and The Showroom, a classy club where top gay acts, such as Gotham or Craig Russell, perform nightly. Other dance bars sure to cure itchy feet are the End Up (6th & Harrison), Buzzby's (1436 Polk), the Mind Shaft (2140 Market) and the Stud (1535 Folsom).

As for the baths, there are many to select from. Any of the following should successfully satisfy your urge: 21st St. Baths (3244 21st St.), Dave's

Baths (100 Broadway), the Club Baths (201 8th St. — which, incidentally, has the steamroom by which all others should be compared), famous Ritch Street (330 Ritch St.), or the Steamworks, across the Bay in Berkeley but worth the trek (2107 4th St.). And if you're feeling particularly adventuresome, San Francisco happens to have the only "co-ed" baths in the U.S. — the Sutro Baths at 312 Valencia. (And you thought you'd done everything!)

Hungry? The Grubsteak (1525 Pine off Polk) serves the best hamburger in town, and is open 24 hours. For fancier dining, the Domino Country Club (17th St. & Florida) offers fine but unpretentious French fare. For a simple crepe / salad / sandwich, a glass of wine or an espresso in a mellow, leisurely environment, try either the Cafe Flore (Market & Noe) or the Bakery Cafe (531 Castro), both of which have outdoor facilities. Enter either Han's Restaurant (316 14th St.) or the P.S. (1121 Polk) and you won't exit unsatisfied or broke.

Some other places you'll be glad to have heard of: The Lion Pub (2062 Divisadero), an eminently comfortable bar with "midnight thinking at 5 p.m.," according to their slogan; the Kokpit (301 Turk St.), one of the city's livelier "camp" grounds; and the Nob Hill Cinema (927 Bush St.), where it's always first-run, fantasy-served.

Of course, no trip to San Francisco would be complete without a ride on the cable car. It's not overrated. Except for the California line, they all start at the foot of Powell Street & Market, and they all unload at Fisherman's Wharf, an overblown Bay-side Disneyland that's best left to the Joneses from Omaha. Simply enjoy the exhilarating journey up and over the steep hills (they're not exaggerated, either). It's definitely a bargain at 25 cents. (Hint: The Hyde St. cable car affords the best vistas.)

Hopefully, it's obvious now why a lot of good things have been said about San Francisco. It happens to be a distinctive, original city, with a plethora of things to do and see. Seeing is believing, however, so come and see for yourself. You'll soon discover why it's a nice place to visit but an even better place to live.



# ISHERWOOD ISHERWOOD ISHERWOOD

A candid exchange with one of our greatest writers.

By RICHARD STANLEY

Few people have lived a life more charged with the stuff of novels than Christopher Isherwood. His biographic footnotes read like a bestseller's chapter titles. Indeed, his personal history has, over the past forty years, found expression in a series of works characterized by a masterful wit and an unpretentious, precise style. His Berlin stories formed the backbone of what eventually became the hit musical *Cabaret*.

Isherwood first visited Germany in 1930 after working as a tutor and freelance journalist and publishing his first novel, *All the Conspirators* (1928). At the urging of his former schoolmate, W. H. Auden, he arrived in Berlin to teach English. Together Isherwood and Auden wrote three verse dramas before journeying to China in 1938 and collaborating on a fourth work. Isherwood's life in Berlin inspired two novels: *The Last of Mr. Norris* (1935) and *Good-bye to Berlin* (1939) and earned him wide recognition.

The outbreak of World War II signaled both a change of residence and artistic expression. He emigrated to the United States in 1939 and was naturalized in 1946. During the war he lived in Santa Monica (his present home), returned to journalism briefly as an editor, and wrote dialog for MGM. The war years also saw him turn to new philosophies: the pacifism of the Quakers (he was a conscientious objector)

and the self-abnegation of the Hindu Vedanta.

After the war John van Dooten adapted Isherwood's Berlin stories into a play, *I Am a Camera*. Julie Harris opened the New York play as Sally Bowles in 1951. This play formed the basis for both the 1966 Broadway smash musical *Cabaret* and the subsequent Oscar-winning film.

In recent years his writing has focused on his philosophical life (*Down There on a Visit*, 1962; *A Meeting by the River*, 1967; and the self-revealing biography of his parents, *Kathleen and Frank*, 1971). *A Single Man* (1964) is a much-praised novel which examines a day in the life of a lonely homosexual intellectual. An early defender of homosexuality, Isherwood has gained almost as much celebrity lately for his eloquent support of Gay Lib as for *Cabaret*.

His appearance recently at the UCLA Gay Awareness Week was greeted with bravos and a standing ovation. A guest speaker could not have found a warmer — and more reverential audience anywhere. Easy-going and poised, Isherwood spoke with a well-honed wit and a straight-man delivery which was positively infectious — and uproarious.

He's a master of the anecdote, and his tales range from fascinating historical perspectives to the contemporary problems of coping with being gay in a still-hostile society.

Q: How really decadent was Germany?

Isherwood: This is a private theory of mine, which is that a whole lot of decadence, and for convenience I'll say that means homosexuality or any sort of unusual sex, was really a commercial ploy on the part of Germany, which they themselves didn't realize they were doing. After World War I everybody was after the tourist trade. The French had girls sewn up with the Moulin Rouge and so on in Paris. And Berlin still had the blond boys, with their boots . . . Even un-

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And Berlin still had the blond boys, with their boots . . .

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consciously Berlin was destined to be decadent. There were bars there which were absolutely show places. It was all play-acting for the sake of the horrified tourists. There's even a passage about it in Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth* where they go to Germany, to one of these places and see some unspeakable thing happening

to a boy ambulating around. They go away sort of . . . thrilled.

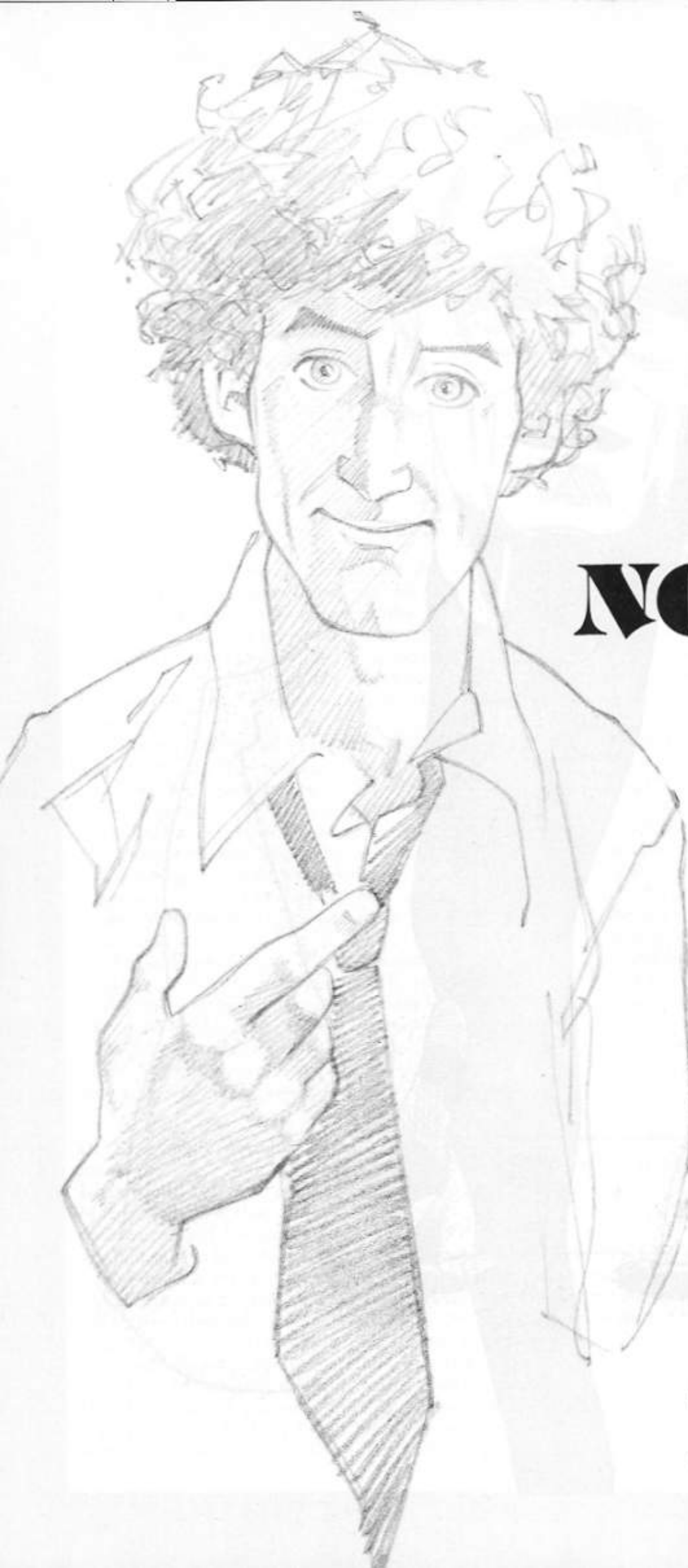
The actual sort of homosexual bar life of the '30s was incredibly down to earth, unkinky, undecadent, and natural. On one bourgeois level it was terribly stuffy: everybody was sitting up at their tables and there was an orchestra and you went up to one of these cute boys you fancied, bowed to him, bowed to his friend, and said, "May I?" It was more like the middle of the 19th Century. Then on the working class level, it

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# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

By BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

HE WAS MOVING IN. HE. HIM. With Danish suits and French cologne; with Gucci shoes and Pucci ties; with shoulders like Joan Crawford narrowing to Paul Newman hips; with biceps out to THERE. In. With ME.

Not that I hadn't plotted and groveled and brooded to get him. I had. I even read a few chapters from Machiavelli. Still, it was disconcerting to get what I always thought I wanted. The lingering remnants of the Judeo-Christian tradition made me queasy. Hubris has always scared the wits out of me. If I had been Oedipus you couldn't have dragged me to Colonus.

Besides, my New York apartment was microscopic. There was scarcely room in it for me and the *Sunday Times*. Apart from the equation normally drawn between familiarity and contempt, there was an additional inconvenience: Rick was h-e-t-e-r-o-s-e-x-u-a-l (this is history I'm telling you).

Rick (they are always named Rick) liked to flex his muscles. Specifically, he liked to flex his muscles AT somebody. Since I was in-

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*Barnaby Shackleford's "Much Ado About Nothing" will appear as a regular feature column in IN TOUCH.*

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to beauty that year — my analyst called it masochism — it seemed like a good idea to me.

Rick arrived one afternoon, Guccied and Puccied within an inch of his life, with the aforementioned suits and cologne, a stereo, an isometric bar, a revolver and a girl friend. All the ingredients, in short, for a truly trashy novel. Or, at least, a genuinely unpleasant situation. We lost no time getting down to it.

Rick couldn't find a job that suited him, naturally; so he and the girl friend took, as they say, to drink. That wasn't so bad in the daytime while I was away writing ad copy for gefilte fish and brassieres; but at night, in that tiny apartment, it was unbearable. It was like having an orgy on a postage stamp.

He WAS beautiful. A work of art, really. Having him around transformed the apartment into a suite at the Plaza.

On the other hand, it was like being in love with a drunken Tiffany lamp. Also, I felt the decor shouldn't have a girl friend.

The apogee was reached one night when, in the best male-cunt tradition, I ordered Rick and the GF out of the apartment with a don't-darken-my-door-again gesture. I had to get some sleep. My gefilte fish copy had started to read like the *Talmud*.

Improvising was Rick's strong suit. He coned the elevator man into opening a vacant apartment and the party went on. I went to bed.

Around midnight, there was a not too gentle tapping, tapping on my chamber door. It was Rick, of course, minus GF, drunk, slobbering and naked. He wanted to borrow some ice. I was furious. I ranted. I fumed. We could not, I concluded, GO ON THIS WAY. He would have to move out.

The next morning while I got ready for work — hands trembling, eyes bleary — Rick was serenely sleeping it off. He looked like a Botticelli cherub. I hated his beautiful, god-damn, guts.

From the office, I called every fifteen minutes to make sure he was going. He was going. HE WAS GOING?

I rushed home at lunchtime to talk him out of it. I begged. I pleaded. I cried. I did everything except rend my garments asunder. (My analyst, by the way, was right.)

But he wouldn't stay; not, he said, if I was going to get hysterical every time he had a little party.

He took his things down on the elevator and started

to load them into a taxi. He loaded the stereo and I unloaded the isometric bar. He put in the Danish suits and I took out the Gucci shoes. He put the isometric bar in again while I struggled to unload the stereo. Finally the doorman restrained me.

"Eastside Airline Terminal," Rick shouted, as the taxi pulled away.

The doorman let me go. I jumped into the next taxi and said, "Follow that taxi!" pointing to Rick's cab as it careened around the corner of ninth avenue and 23rd street.

The cabbie turned around and smiled at me, beatifically. He was an old man.

His license said his name was Sigmund. He probably fancied himself a philosopher.

"I've been driving a cab in this town for 30 years," he said, "and that's the first time anyone ever said that to me."

Despite Sigmund's musings, the midday traffic and a more than usually inept Con-Edison street excavation, I finally arrived at the terminal.

I ran up the escalator. I had visions of grabbing Rick by the ankle and being dragged the length of the concourse while 100 violins played "Love is a Many Splendored Thing."

But he was no where in sight. Damn.

"A sadist to the end," I thought.

As I turned to leave, I saw an isometric bar laying on the floor near a telephone booth . . . Rick was inside, calmly dialing. He saw me.

"Hi," he said. "I was just calling you."

"Hi," I said. "Why?"

"Could I borrow a hundred dollars? I don't have money for plane fare."

"Oh Rick," I said, "don't leave. We can work it out."

I don't know why I said that.

"No, man," he said, suddenly realistic.

"It won't work. There's nothing TO work. You should find somebody who really grooves on you. Watching me can't be that much fun."

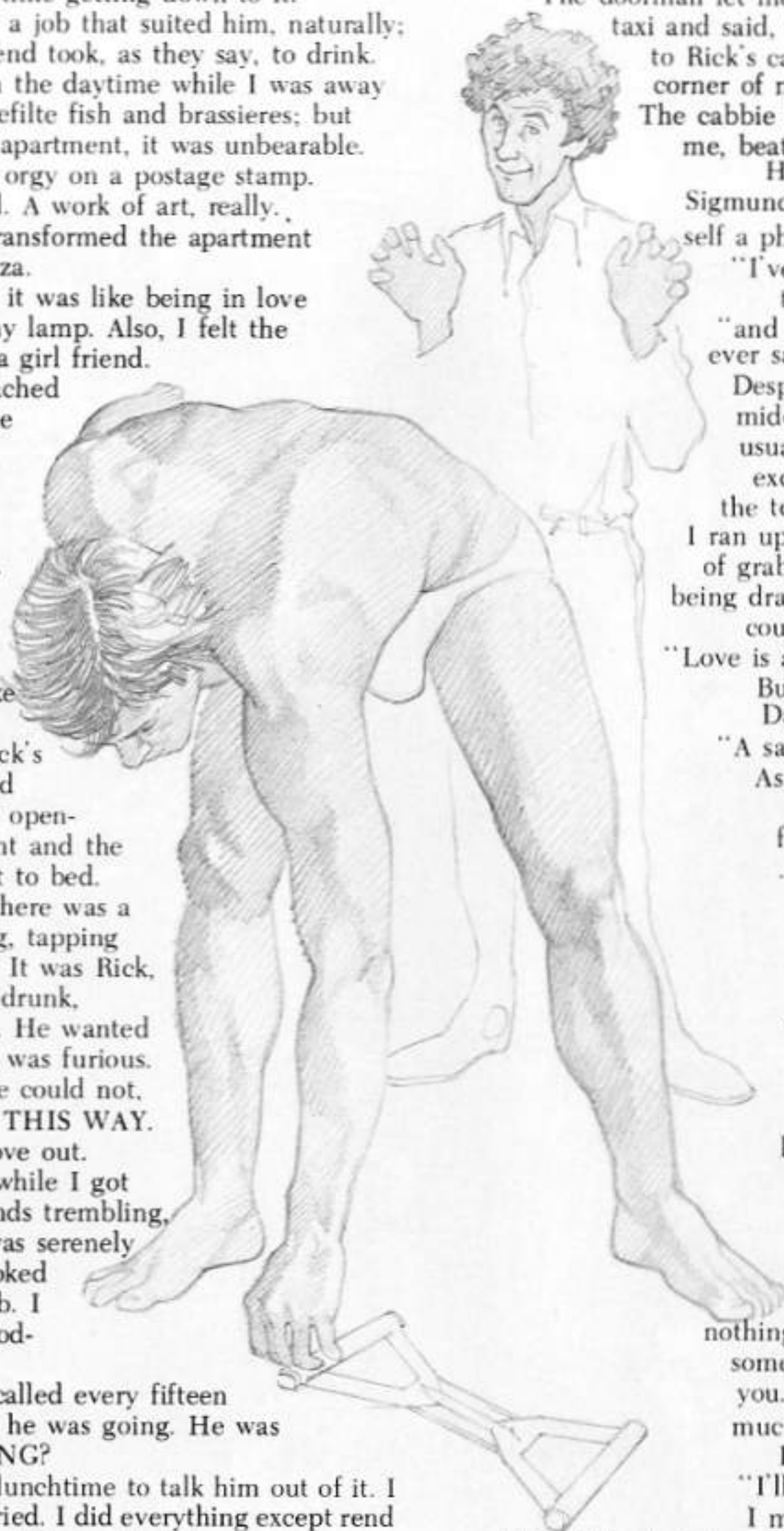
I didn't WANT to have fun.

"I'll never laugh again," I said. I meant it, too. Grim.

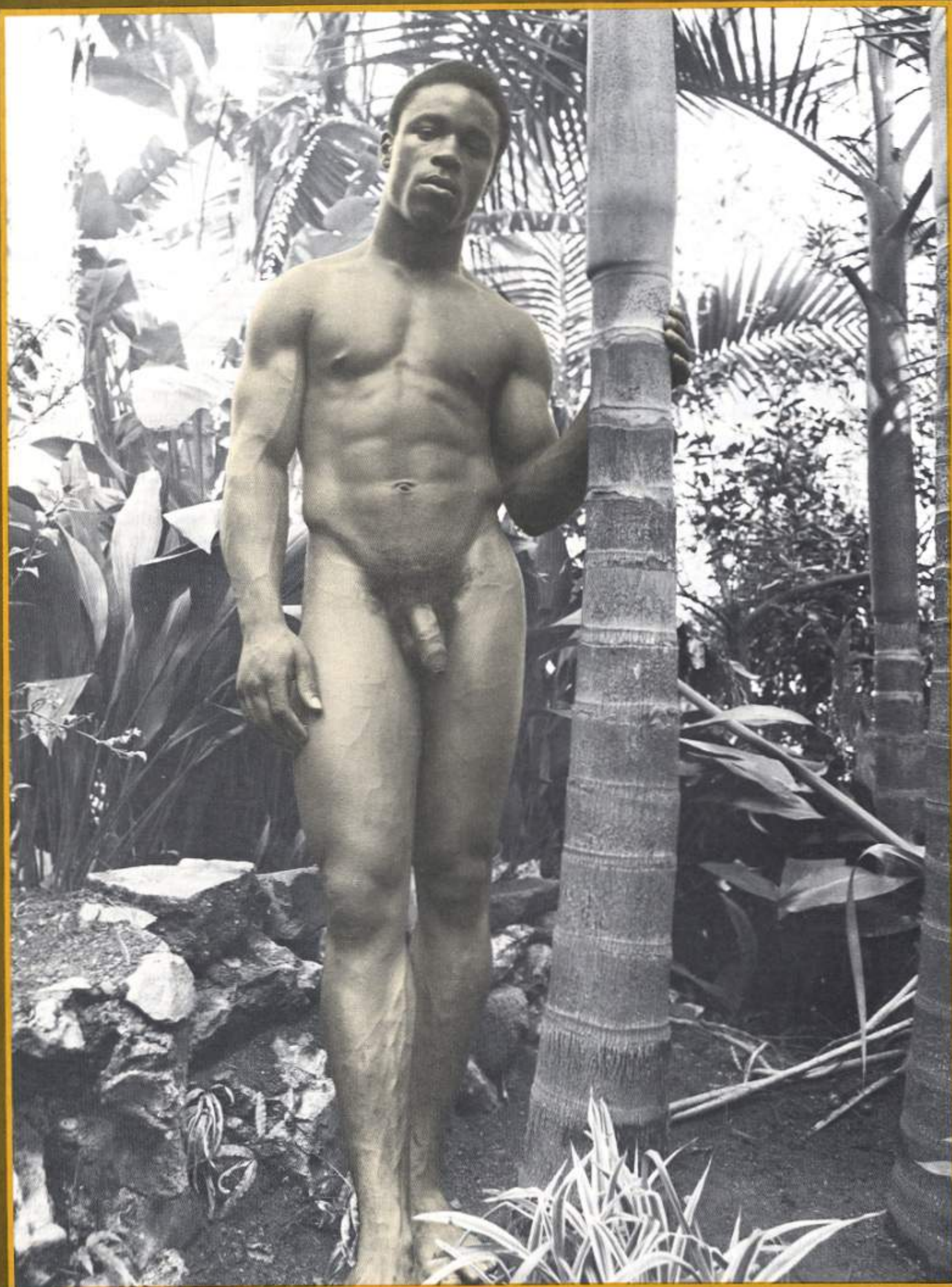
"You'll laugh," he said. "Can I have the dough?"

I gave it to him. He walked off toward the American Airlines ticket counter. I haven't seen him since.

He was right, though. I have laughed. I've just never been young again.









pearl of the antilles

# HAITI



For more than a decade this tiny country in the Caribbean was not only off the beaten path, it was definitely one place not to visit. Few travelers, even the adventurous ones, cared to brave the suspicious and inhospitable attitude of the "Black Republic."

The other Haiti never had a chance during these ten years. It comes as no surprise that few people knew of the gentle creoles with magnificent dark bodies and sensuous bright smiles; or of the mystery-shrouded mountains which throb with the drums of voodoo and wear superb ruined palaces as crowns. This surprising country is unique in the Western Hemisphere — a totally black nation independent for almost 200 years — an Africa in the Caribbean it has been called.

Once again the Pearl of the Antilles has opened her arms and the tourists are flocking back to enjoy her favors. There is no hostility or arrogance toward white visitors — only friendly curiosity — and the unlighted city streets could well be the safest in the world. Tourists are coddled and protected and their money goes considerably farther than on some of the better known islands.

With the confusion of porters, taxis and guides left behind at the airport, you settle back into the seat of the ancient Oldsmobile as it bumps its way along the dusty road, past the cane fields, and into the capitol.

In the blistering heat of Port-au-Prince, the car makes slow progress. In every di-

rection there are literally thousands of street vendors selling everything and anything. Seething masses of people have either set up make-shift street shops or more simply become walking specialty shops with all their merchandise balanced on their heads — baskets filled with turkeys, chickens, tin cans, fruits, vegetables, fabric, rice, beans, car parts. Items too large to fit in baskets present no problem and still go on the head — half a dozen chairs, a bundle of logs, 5-gallon cans of water, automobile tires. Half naked men are pulling wagons overloaded with sugar cane.

There is nothing familiar here — no point of reference — no anchor. Your mind is jarred with these images, with never-before-heard sounds, with strange, pungent odors.

It is almost with a feeling of relief that the Olds moves out of the market and into the residential section — rattling past ghostly gingerbread mansions and on through the overgrown garden at the entrance to the Grand Hotel Oloffson where it shudders to a stop.

The Grand Hotel Oloffson. Haiti. The Black Island of Black Mysteries. Voodoo. Dark Sex. Exotic. Erotic. It all sounds like a *TV Guide* synopsis of a late night movie. But Haiti is the real thing.

You stand looking up at the awesome gingerbread pile which is the Oloffson. It looks as if it might topple at any moment and at best

you will be met by Dracula or a maniacal butler or both.

Of all the hotels in Haiti, this elegantly-ageing white palace is without doubt the best known and best loved. Like a haughty and wise old woman who is very pleased with herself, she sits in a wrap of tropical green on a hillside above the noisy streets of Port-au-Prince. She seems totally unaware that the year is 1976 and in fact has made few concessions to the 20th Century at all.

Ceiling fans still revolve slowly giving a little coolness to the tropical heat. An old, rather out-of-tune upright piano, played badly but enthusiastically, provides dinner music. The two telephones, electricity and plumbing all seem to have minds of their own and as often as not just stop working.

The Oloffson, despite its description in *Fielding's Travel Guide* as a "primitive bivouac," draws interesting and famous people like a magnet. Names of some of her favorite guests are on the doors rather than numbers: The John Guelgud Suite, the Anne Bancroft Suite, the Oliver Messel Suite, the James Jones Cottage. The bar, famous for its Barbancourt Rum Punch, is the social nerve center of the city.

Sooner or later just about everybody of any importance in Port-au-Prince comes to the Oloffson bar: politicians, artists, writers, actors, photographers, models, businessmen — they all make an appearance and some are looking for more than a rum punch.

Text and Photos by  
Warren Cummings





Haitians are among the most strikingly beautiful people anywhere — tall, with heavily muscled bodies and strong carved features. To see one of these black gods bathing naked in a country stream is something not easily forgotten.

Clustered around the entrance to every hotel you will see groups of boys and young men who provide guide service for a few dollars and for a few dollars more give additional "service". Most of the better hotels do not permit outside guests so if a bargain is struck with a guide it's necessary to locate a guest house which caters to gay travelers. There are four: The Panorama Guest House, Villa Mon Veve Guest House (near the Oloffson), Chez Michel (on the road to Petionville), and Thor Guest House in Carrefour. Also in Carrefour, just south of Port-au-Prince, is Freda's, the gay bar which is the center of the gay social scene. Boys are available at Freda's and at all four of the guest houses.

Nothing is free in Haiti and this includes sex — straight or gay.

Homosexuality, for the Haitian, seems to pose no threat nor create any problem. If anything, sex with another man is a matter of economics and certainly has nothing to do with moral, macho or religious taboos.

One reason for this easy going attitude can be traced directly to the voodoo ceremony which on some occasions leads to an orgiastic explosion in which men are often "possessed" by female spirits who must satisfy their lust on other men. All quite acceptable.

Voodoo influences, and in some cases actually controls just about every aspect of Haitian life and social structure. To call it a religion would be to place an unjust label on what is actually the life-force of the island.

Being one of the more alluring attractions, ceremonies are offered to the tourist each night. These shows range from the staged versions in Port-au-Prince and Petionville to the "real" thing in Carrefour. Don't expect, however, to see an authentic ceremony in Carrefour or any place else because you won't. These "real" ceremonies are often staged in authentic temples with authentic





priests or priestesses directing the procedure as shows for the tourists — but they are good shows and some parts of the ceremony are indeed authentic. It's as close to the real thing as you will probably ever get so go see one.

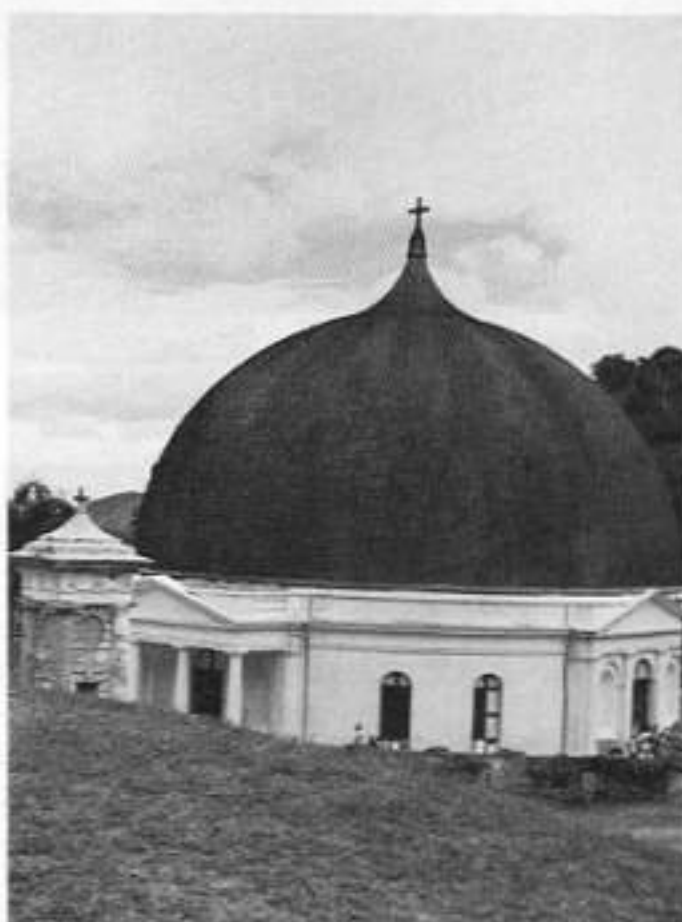
**T**he city of Cap Hatien, on the north coast, is the pride of Haiti as it once was the pride of France. For 18th Century France, this was the capitol of her richest colony — for Haiti, this is the seat and symbol of her long struggle for independence. Small, quiet and scrupulously clean (such a contrast to Port-au-Prince!) this pastel colored city sits on a mountainside overlooking a clear blue bay.

The two reasons for visiting the Cap lie a few miles south at Milot: the splendid ruins of Henri Christophe's Sans Souci Palace and the gigantic hulking stone monolith La Ferriere — the Citadel.

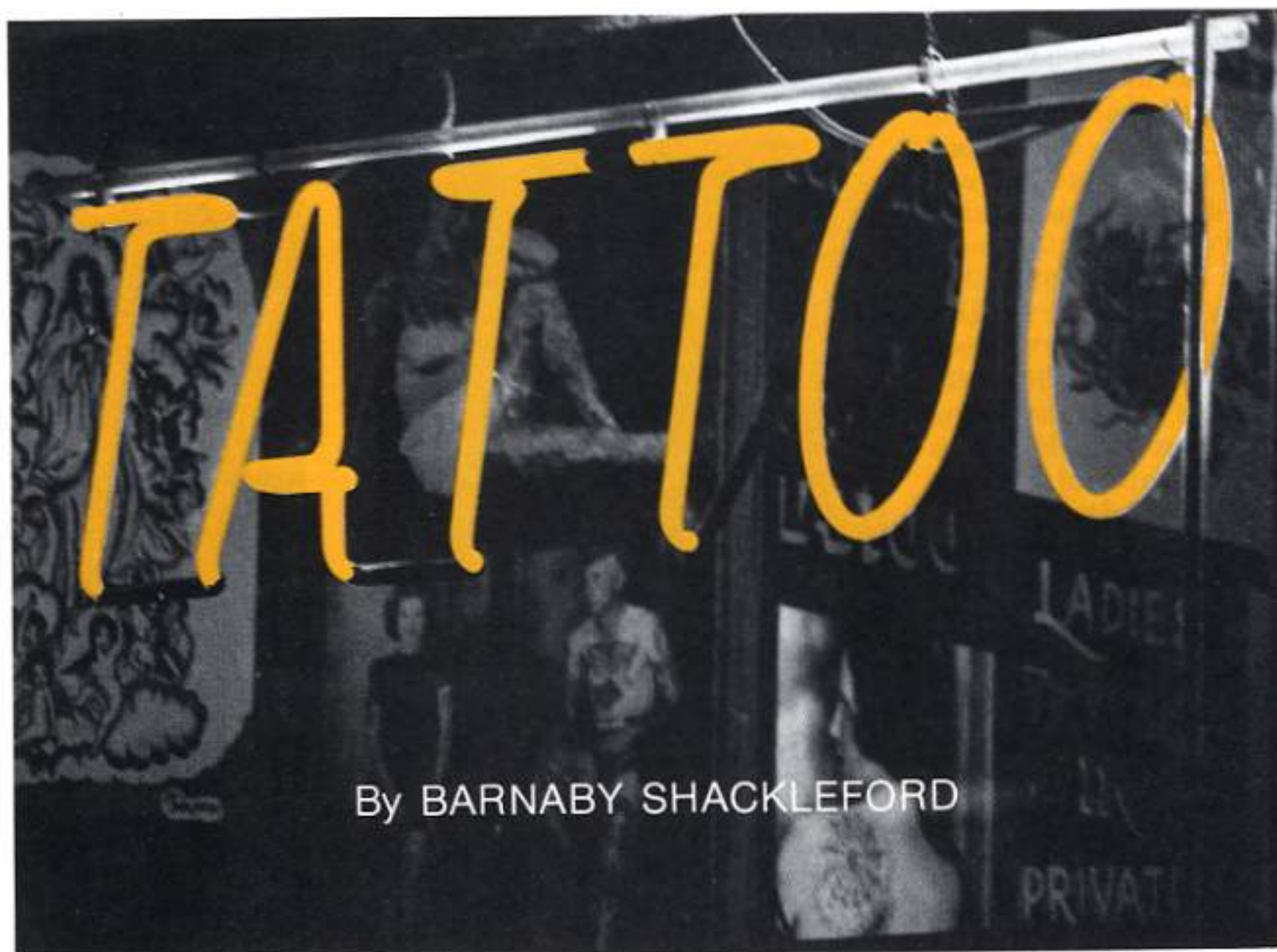
Determined to out-rival the white monarchs of Europe the Black Emperor built his palace in 1812 to be the finest in the world. Versailles and Frederick The Great's Sans Souci in Potsdam served as models. The enormous 5-story structure, with its grand sweeping double staircase contained every splendor Europe had to offer . . . and was air conditioned to boot (mountain streams flowed under the inlaid marble floors). Here the Black Court lived in luxury and deliberate pomp. Today Sans Souci, devastated and magnificent, lies helpless prey to the vegetation of the tropics.

Two hours by horse from Milot, up a precipitous rocky trail, is the bastion Christophe had built as a defense against a feared invasion by Napoleon's armies. At a cost of 20,000 lives and 13 years labor, the Citadel was placed like a crown on a cloud covered mountain peak. Tons of rock, hundreds of bronze cannon and thousands of cannonballs were forced up this craggy mountain where, in rusting and crumbling readiness, they still await the invasion — not one of the cannon was ever fired. The sole function of the Citadel, after Christophe's suicide, was to become his tomb.

Some people love Haiti and some people hate it . . . but one thing is certain . . . you'll never forget it!







By BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

"What will we do without barbarians? Those people were a kind of solution."

—Constantine Cavafy

**T**o tattoo or not to tattoo.

That, believe it or not, is the question. As urban life has grown increasingly more harsh, urban men and women have adopted the manners and mores of outlaw motorcycle gangs, street people and pirates. Leather jackets, bandanas, earrings, nose rings, toe rings and tattoos are being worn by what used to be called "the best people."

Literary cocktail parties and chic art openings, these days, are indistinguishable from opening night at the Roller Derby.

Tattoos, especially, once the special province of gangsters, sailors and hoodlums, have recently become symbols of daring and commitment. As part of the general "Genetization" of society, otherwise respectable people suddenly look as though they were wanted for grand theft auto.

A tattoo, like a diamond, is forever; so it's particularly effective as a token of rebellion. The faint-

hearted and the phony avoid them. A tattoo means you have balls. It's a macho kind of thing.

Even the application of a tattoo — burning the design into human flesh — has connotations of primitive initiation. It's a complicated rite of passage. The tattooer inflicting subtle pain on the tattooee who, at the end of the ordeal, is somehow, magically, a better person for having endured it.

If you think that sounds like a perverse sex trip, you are probably right. In fact, Spider Webb, self-proclaimed, self-promoted dean of American tattoo artists, frankly acknowledges that aspect of his business.

"Let's face it," Spider says, "unless it's forced on them in a prison camp, it has got to be sexual."

"I mean, I'm sticking needles in, one is passive, one is active, something is going in, something is coming out. People have their clothes off. I'm fooling around with their bodies. Hell, yes, it's sexual."

Tattooing also seems a natural for the S&M set. And Webb admits that occasionally his customers get off a little bit when the needle penetrates

the skin.

"If they are digging it," he says, "what the hell do I care. To me it's not a funny little thing that I hurt people with. It's a paint brush. But if it turns people on, fine."

Tattoo purists take a dim view of the pain freaks. Not because they enjoy pain (who doesn't enjoy a little pain), but because they don't enjoy tattoos, usually having the same ones done over and over again.

The genuine tattoo enthusiast takes his tattoos seriously and considers anything less than total commitment a bit vulgar.

To Webb, and others in the aristocracy of tattoodom, the Marlboro man is arriviste; the hard-hat with only one or two tattoos a hobbyist, a mere dilettante; the sailor who gets drunk to face the ordeal a callow youth, who probably wets the bed and is afraid of the dark.

"What really turns me on," Webb says, "is when someone turns over his whole back."

It's a situation that brings out the best in Webb, who considers himself an artist in constant need of fresh canvas.

Webb's creations have included









Photo by Roy Hankey



"George Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Statue of Liberty," and "The Last Supper." Everything, in fact, but editorials from the *New Republic*. And he would tattoo one of those if anyone wanted it.

Although the trend is toward original designs, there is still a demand for the traditional. "Death Before Dishonor" and "Mom" are still popular. But flags and other patriotic sentiments have fallen into disfavor.

The argument that tattoos are a folk art form might have once seemed far-fetched. But not anymore.

The entire thrust of modern art has been toward an acceptance of forms that other generations considered bad taste. This trend saw its fulfillment in Pop Art, which raised comic strips, soup cans, old movies and other trivia to the level of high art. Andy Warhol became the symbol of the trite, the banal and the boring.

Beneath the campy carrying-on, however, was a serious point: there had to be a move away from the elitist toward a more common denominator.

Webb was one of the first to see that a once scorned art form could communicate directly with those who need to learn the most.

He jumped directly into the mainstream and began to interpret current art styles.

In California, Cliff Raven, another of the nation's leading tattoo artists, takes a more classic approach. He ransacks Japanese painting (in particular, the 19th century Ukiyo-e form) and blends their conventions with the all-over body style popular in the Orient. The result is a colorful mural that wouldn't look out of place in the Sistine Chapel.

Raven's Sunset Boulevard studio is a long way from the tackiness of the Long Beach Pike, both geographically and psychologically. No longer does a prospective tattooee need fear infection or abduction.

Raven (as well as Webb and other leaders in the field) have taken the grunge out of the trade. Raven's plush, high-rent location, with its fantastic view of Los Angeles spread out below it, is more like a doctor's office than a tattoo parlour.

There are disadvantages to respectability, however. At Raven's studio, the impulse tattoo is a thing of the

past; appointments are required. And some are made months in advance.

Nor will Raven bother with the small (and cheap) tattoo that doesn't challenge his creative abilities.

"I want to save myself for the people who really need me," he explains, meaning the sincere tattoo buff who knows tattoo art when he sees it.

The people who need Raven should also be prepared to pay \$50 an hour for his services. At that rate, it would cost \$5,000 or more for a full-body, Japanese style tattoo.

In Japan, until fairly recent times, the full-body tattoo was a kind of investment. After the owner's death, the skin was preserved and later sold.

In this country, the authorities take a dim view of that grisly sort of thing. In America, the much-tattooed person is one of the few who gets to take his investment with him when he goes.

Webb once tattooed a pizza on someone's leg. Raven declines those assignments because he likes to do body enhancing work. He likes tattoos that call attention to the symmetry of muscle groups.

Still, he has done some curious (although admittedly enhancing) work. One man had a fire-breathing dragon tattooed on his chest and lower stomach. The dragon's head rears up menacingly on the man's upper right pectoral. The tail trails down his abdomen and onto his cock. Flames radiate outward from the pubic area and the whole thing is completed with a little gold ring. Quite a surprise in store for somebody.

The cock, according to Raven, is no more sensitive than any other area of the body. No one I've talked to, however, believes that.

Another man had a muscular, naked Icarus tattooed on his back. The tattoo shows feathers flying, wax melting and young Icarus in full erection. Although Bullfinch didn't mention it in his mythology, it must have been quite a trip.

Gay people, according to Peter Mitchell, Raven's assistant, get neither more nor less tattoos than any other sector of the population.

Mitchell, who has elaborate tattoos on his arms and shoulders, had fairly uncomplicated reasons for getting his "Why else," he asks, "would you look at a 46-year-old man?" ●



A Cliff Raven design, 1975.





# WAKEFIELD POOLE MELLOWS

By BOB KIGGINS

When Wakefield Poole's *Boys in the Sand* opened five years ago, it became an instant classic, revolutionizing the pornographic film industry in America and officially bringing it out of the closet. Once the public got a taste of a well-produced, technically proficient, professional and up-front hardcore feature, they would demand the same standards before shelling out their next \$5.

Pornflicks suddenly became big business. Intelligent storylines were introduced. Expensive budgets were discussed. Porn stars like Cal Culver, Bill Harrison, Georgina Spelvin and Linda Lovelace had drawing power. It was fashionable to attend the latest porn release; celebrities could be spotted in the audience. Quality was in. And Wakefield Poole's successive ventures (*Bijou*, *The Bible*, and *Moving*) consistently provided quality.

It's been two years since Poole made *Moving*. Now a mellow, handsome and (unbelievable, to see him in person) 40, he lives in San Francisco. With four partners, he runs Hot Flash of America, one of the most original and innovative art galleries in town. It's just another facet of his diversified life.

Born in North Carolina and raised in Jacksonville, Florida (a fact his ever-so-slight Southern accent betrays), he studied singing and dancing as a child. A scholarship to the Ballet Rouse brought him to New York at 17, and he spent the next two years touring with them. The rigors of dancing 12-14 hours every day (classes, rehearsals and performing) didn't appeal to him, however, and he quit the Ballet Rouse's corps de ballet to travel with Rod Alexander in a program the State Department was sponsoring, which took him throughout the Orient, from Greece to Japan.

Nine months later he was back in New York, auditioning for parts in Broadway shows, when he answered a call for a musical called "Tenderloin." The choreographer was Joe Layton, who was so impressed by Poole's talent ("He said I was the best dancer he'd ever auditioned in New York") that he insisted, over the producers' objections that Poole looked "too young to be in a whorehouse," on signing him up.

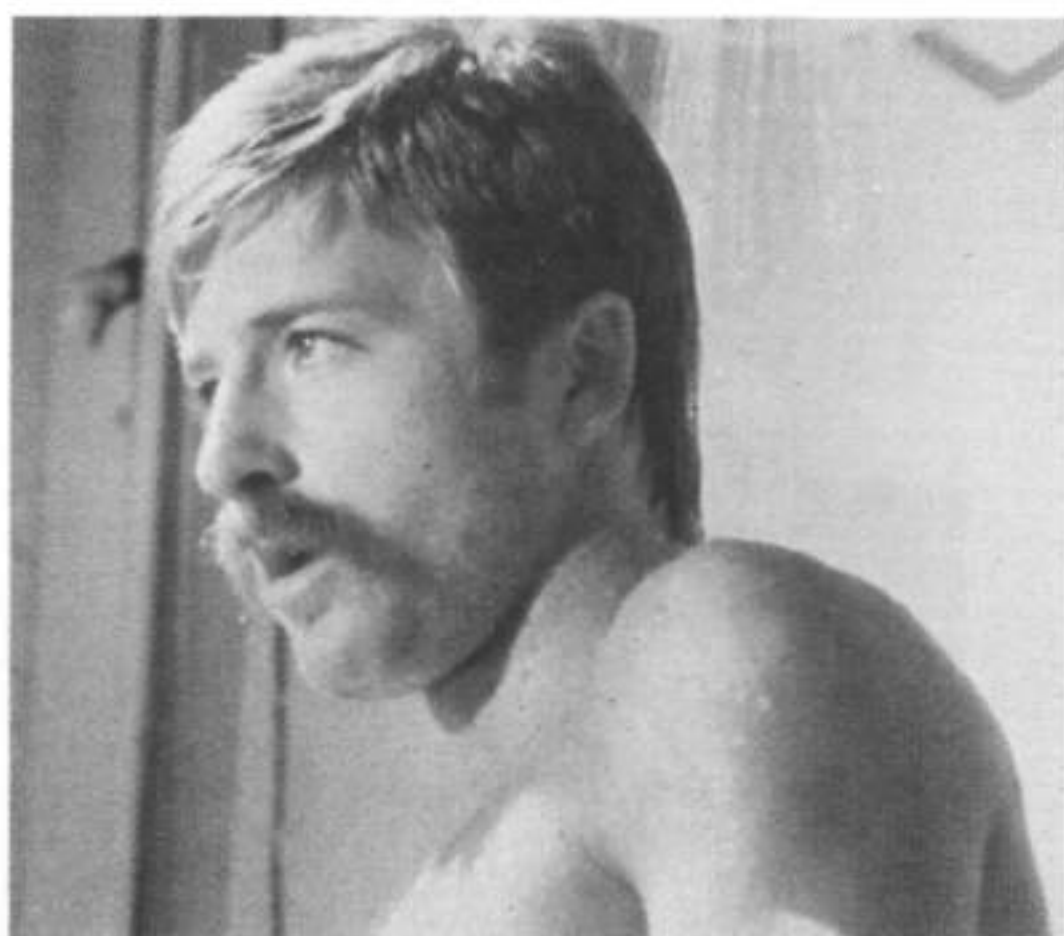
"Tenderloin" was the beginning of a professional relationship with Layton that lasted for many years. Poole later became Layton's assistant

on several major Broadway musicals — "Once Upon a Mattress," "No Strings" (which Poole ended up directing in London), "The Girl Who Came to Supper," "Dear World," and "George M." Along with his stage work, he also danced on several television shows, including "The Garry Moore Show," "The Entertainers," and "The Gershwin Years," which starred Ethel Merman, Frank Sinatra, and Julie London.

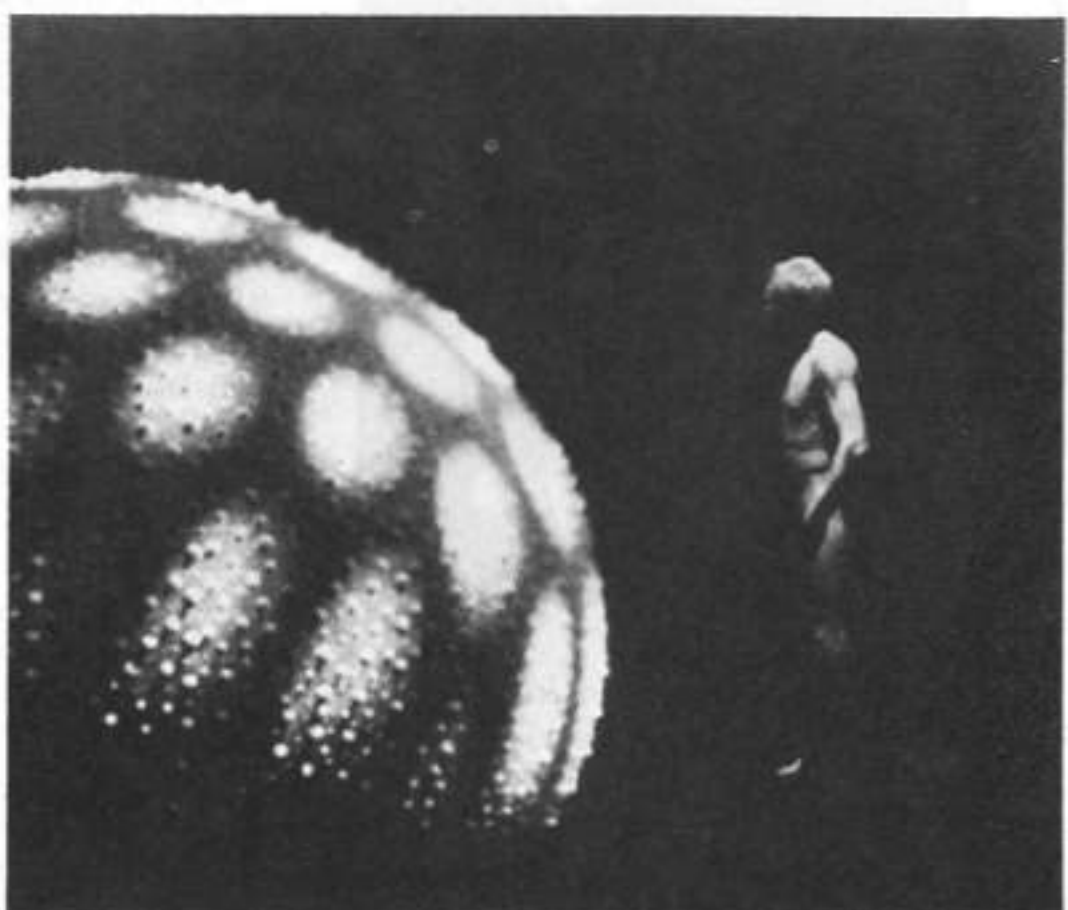
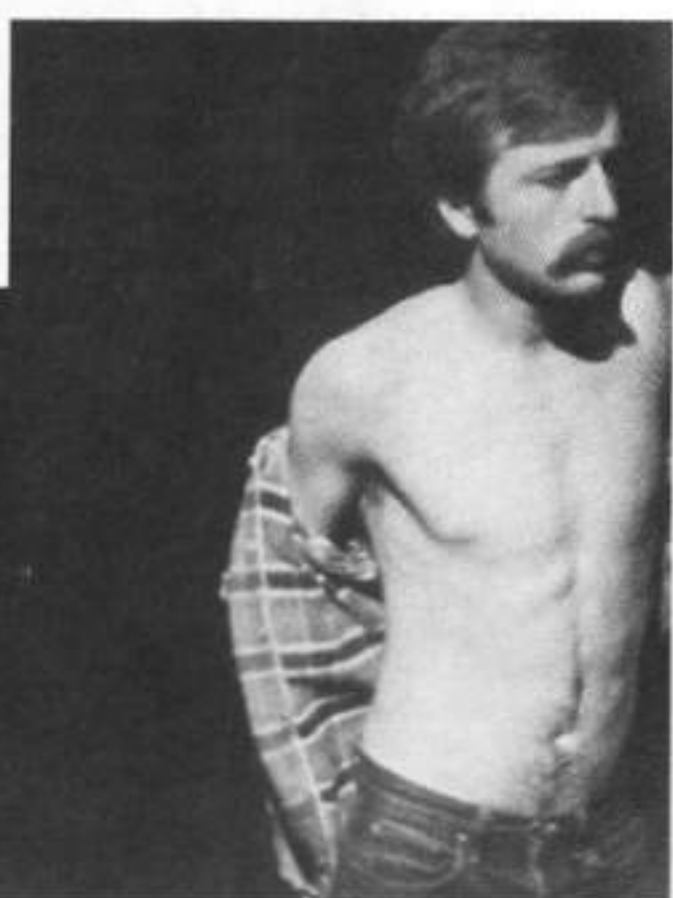
*So how did you first get into film?*

I'd dabbled around shooting film for years and years, experimenting, always Super 8. And six of us went to a movie onenight in New York, and we ended up at the Park Miller seeing some porno movies, and we sat there. I was hysterical laughing. Two of the guys were asleep. Another guy was bored to death. I'll never forget the name of it; it was called *Highway Hustler*, and it was the worst movie I've ever seen in my life, and I should really thank them. I said, "Why can't somebody make a film where the people aren't degraded and they're just . . . balling . . . and one that had a little imagination. I wondered if it could be done, and I had a 16mm camera and sort of gradually worked my way into it. It just happened.





*"Wherever your head is you'll get what you want to see," Poole says of his classic "Bijou."*







Poole's porn stars include Calvin Culver (Casey Donovan) in "Boys in the Sand;" Burt Edouards (middle photo) in "Moving;" and Bill Harrison in "Bijou."

*What was your budget?*

\$4,000. I didn't start out to make a movie to release it; I just did it for fun. And I got friends to be in it — Peter, who was my lover at the time, and I got another guy who was on the Island (Fire) for the summer, to just do a segment. I had an idea, and I did the first segment of *Boys in the Sand*. And it really turned out well. I didn't know what I was doing. I had two managers at the time, and they said they thought it was wonderful, that I should expand and make it a full-length movie. And then I talked to who is now my partner, Marvin Shulman, who was my business manager at the time, and I told him I was going to go ahead and expand it but didn't have the money, and if he wanted to invest in it and form a company, I'd give him 50 per cent. And he liked it, too, and invested and he has 50 per cent of the company. Poolemar Productions.

*How long did it actually take to film the entire thing?*

Four weekends. And then I edited it and worked on it and took it into my lab in New York and said, 'Here's a film and here's a soundtrack, what do I do with it?' And they were thrilled to death that a filmmaker didn't come in and know exactly what he wanted. So they really helped me and taught me the ropes.

*Were the actors paid?*

Once Marvin came in, we paid the actors and did something that was unheard of. When the movie opened in New York, we had four private screenings and everybody just loved it. In fact, Mart Crowley, who wrote "Boys in the Band," which the title was a takeoff on, wanted to invest, and Marvin said, 'No, we don't need any money. We've got it all.' And we opened, and we thought the first day we'd have maybe 50 friends come, and at 12 o'clock the box office opened and we broke all box office records. We were the second highest grossing movie in New York.

*Where did it open?*

At the 55th St. Playhouse, and it was not a porno theatre.

*How did you get it booked there?*

I was going to sell it to a big movie mogul in L.A. He offered me \$8,000 for it. He said, 'It's the best gay film I've ever seen,' and I said, 'If it's the best gay film you've ever seen, why are you only offering me \$8,000?' So I flew back to New York and rented

the theatre and four-walled it — did everything ourselves — and we ended up distributing it ourselves and we did close to \$7,000 the first day. We made the top 50 movie list the first six weeks we were open.

*What do you attribute that to? The promotion?*

Yes. I talked to Marvin and said, 'Look, if we're going to do this, let's do it big and just blow it all.' So we took out a one-sixth page ad in the Sunday *New York Times*. 'Wakefield Poole's *Boys in the Sand*; All Male Film; 55th St. Playhouse; Color.' We were a breakthrough. They had never done it. Actually, we happened before *Deep Throat*. Most people in the business think that *Deep Throat* couldn't have happened without us. It was class all the way. People came in and they got off on it. And I think another thing I can attribute it to is that everybody was talking about it because of my previous background in the theatre and my name in the business, because I did have a name in the business. It was at Christmastime, and there were parties and everyone said, 'Did you hear what Wakefield Poole's done? He's made a gay movie.'

*Did that bother you?*

No, not at all. I've been everything. I'd been married and I had nothing to hide. I didn't care. I was doing something I wanted to do and believed in, and it paid off. All the biggies went to see it. When it played in Los Angeles, Ann-Margret and Roger — whatever —

*Smith.*

Smith went to see it supposedly, and when it played Washington the Kennedy and Shriver kids went to see it, and I've gotten letters. Hugh Hefner owns all my films in his porno collection.

*How were the reviews?*

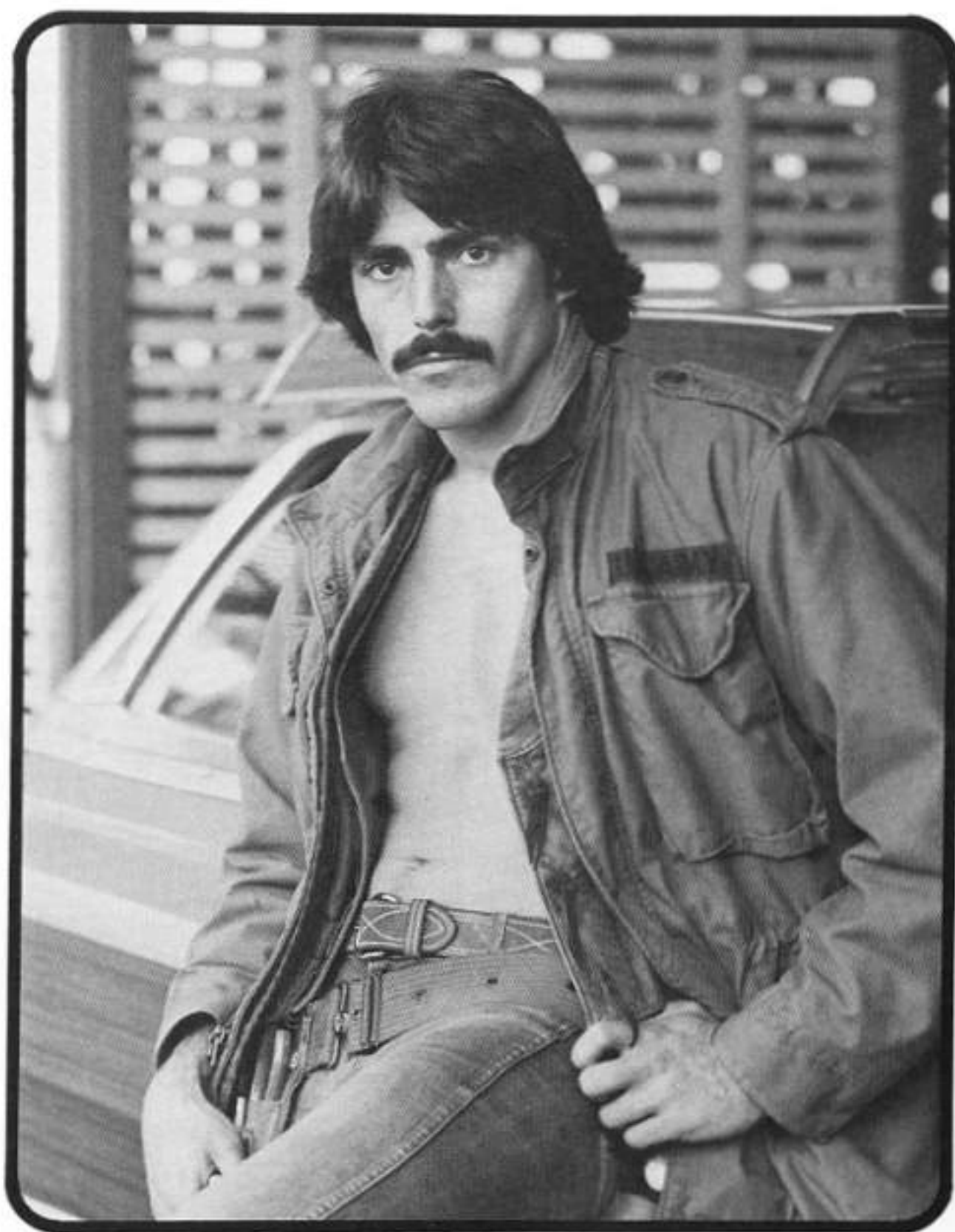
There were no reviews, except in the gay papers.

*Variety wasn't reviewing porn then?*

Oh, *Variety* reviewed it. It was a sketch, because it was done by a very straight-laced, older, middle-aged man, and he meant to write a bad review, but the way it turned out it was a good review, because it made everyone want to see it. He put nasty comments in, like, 'The casting looks like it was done by Dial-a-Hustler.' And *Screw* magazine, when *Bijou*

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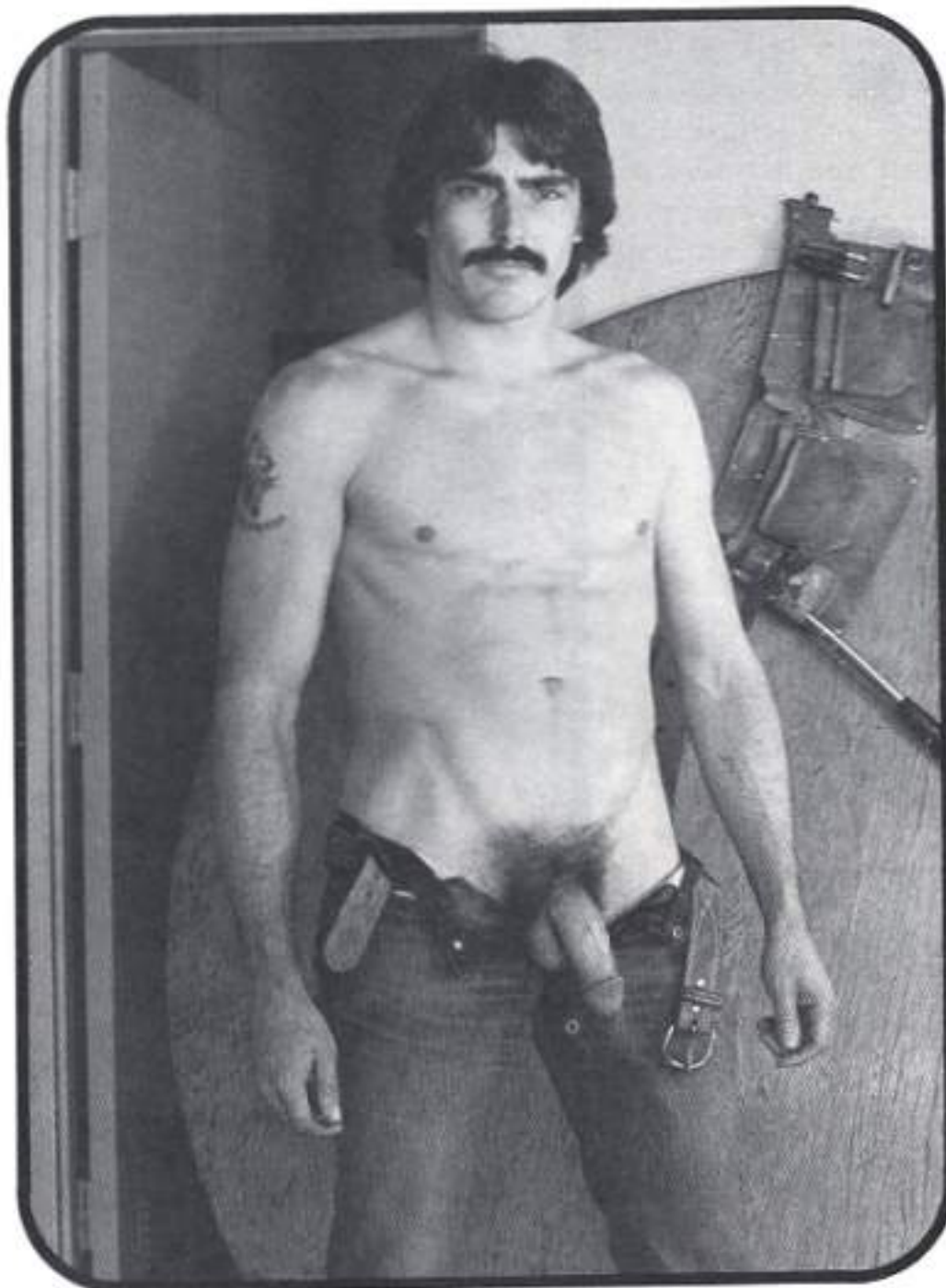
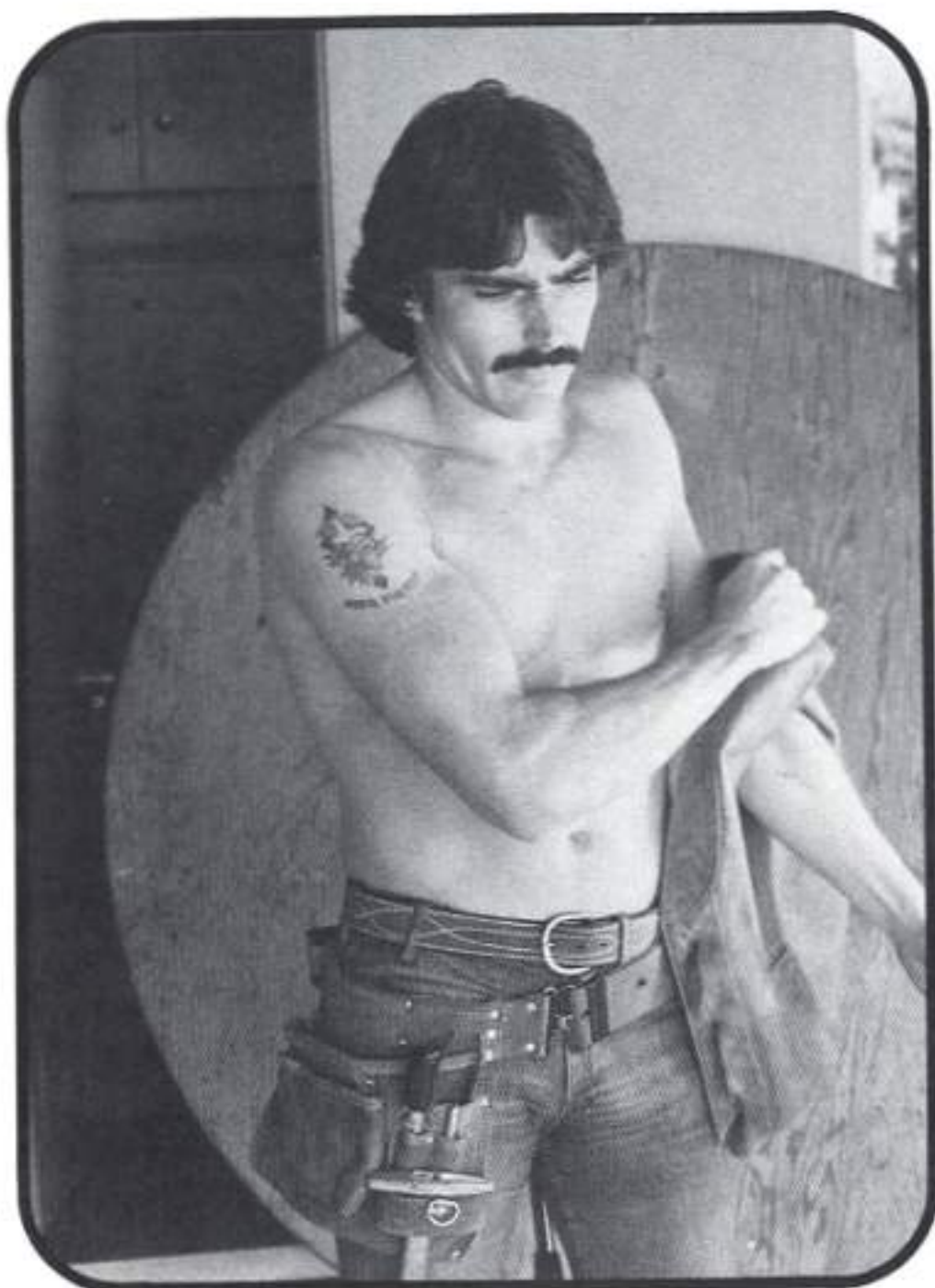


# BOB BUCK

**B**ob Buck is a carpenter. He is also all man. Six feet of solid body that he got from handling heavy equipment and building bridges as a combat engineer in the Army. He gets his kicks from playing poker, water skiing, backpacking ("I like to rough it") and working with wood. That's just what he's doing right now up in California's redwood forest near Santa Cruz. He's remodeling a house by day and enjoying life away from the city by night. He is 29. An Aries. Half Mexican and half German. Need we say more?

Photography by HY CHASE



























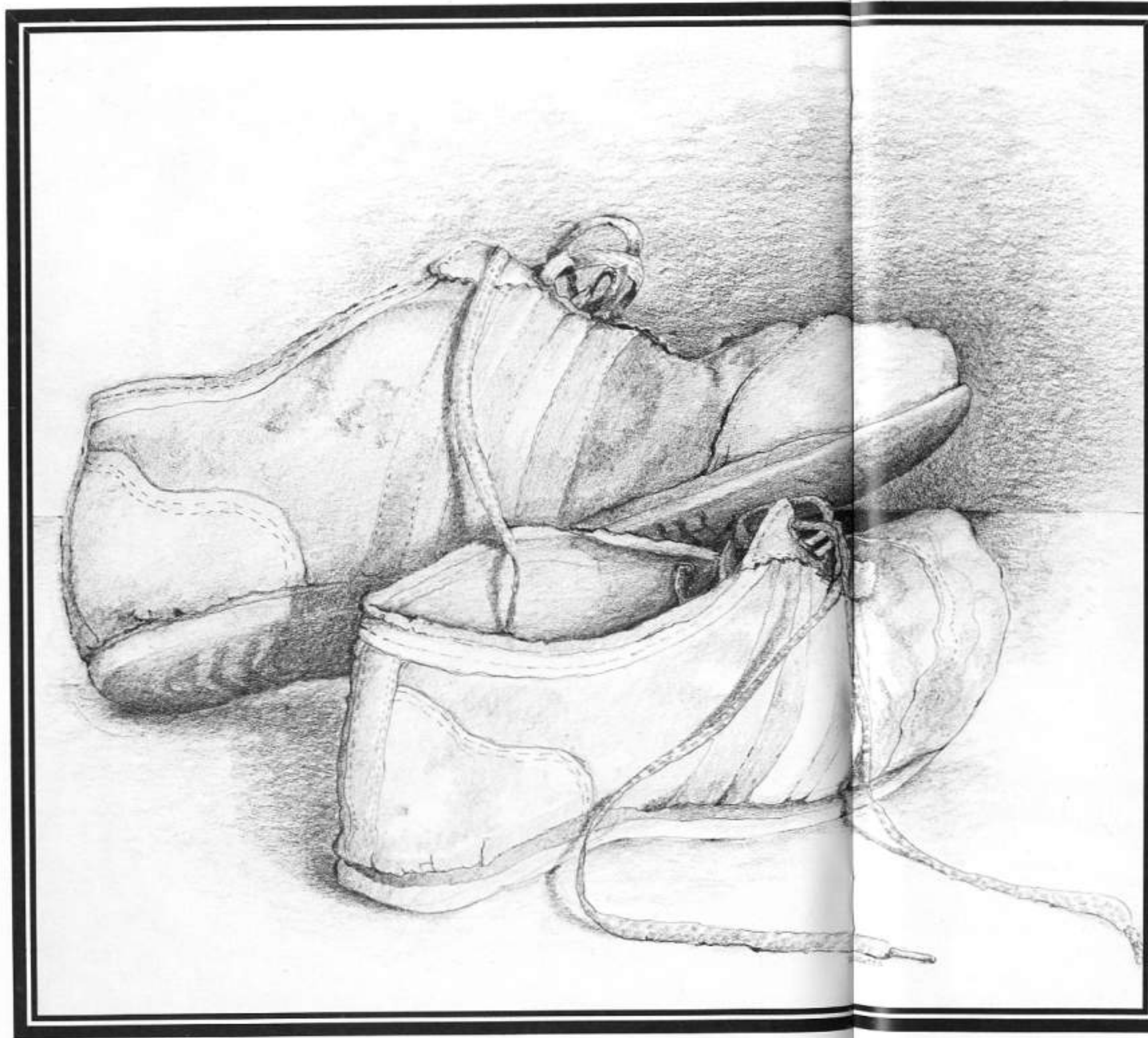


Illustration by RALPH RICHTER





# OFF AND RUNNING

The author of "The Front Runner" looks back on her controversial bestseller and forward to the next.

By PATRICIA NELL WARREN

**W**hen I was writing the novel, back in the early spring of 1973, I was very alone with it. I had no idea if my agent would handle it, or if a publisher would buy it, or if the world in general (and gay people in particular) would like it.

All I knew, based on the scanty research I'd been able to do among athletes (it's been a long time from 1973 to Dave Kopay's coming-out) was that the Billy Sives and the Harlan Browns were there. Not just in distance running, but in every sport. They were there like Mount Everest, and their story had to be told.

So I sat down and wrote the book "on spec," as they say in publishing. No contract, no advance, just the slim hope that the book might go.

To my surprise and relief, my agent said calmly: "I love it. It's a subject whose time has come. I don't think we'll have any trouble placing it. The first editor I want to send it to is Jim Landis over at Morrow."

A week later, we had a deal with Morrow. Later, Bantam Books bought the paperback rights.

---

PATRICIA NELL WARREN'S new novel "The Fancy Dancer" is being published this month by Wm. Morrow & Co.

People have often asked me if I had any trouble publishing the book. So the answer is, No, no trouble. Nor was there any pressure from Morrow to tone down the book. Aside from a final edit and some space cuts, it was published exactly as I wrote it.

As publication date in April 1974 drew near, I waited nervously for the reviews. Now, I'm not the kind of writer who jumps out a window after a bad review. Nevertheless, publishing a book gives me a peculiar feeling that there is a glass window in my forehead and the whole world can now see into my mind.

To my relief, the gay press reacted very positively. Aside from a couple of bad reviews, most publications liked it. And the letters from readers (mostly gay, some straight) started to stream in. Two years later, they're still coming in, and I don't know if I'll ever catch up on answering them.

The straight press, however, pretty much ignored the book. It was passed over by *Time* and the *L.A. Times*, both of whom had it on their bestseller lists. The *N.Y. Times* book review also ignored it, although the sports desk did mention the book in a Sunday feature about the Olympic movement's post-Munich crisis.

Not until late 1975, when the *Washington Star* ran Lynn Rosellini's

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# TOO HOT TO HANDLE

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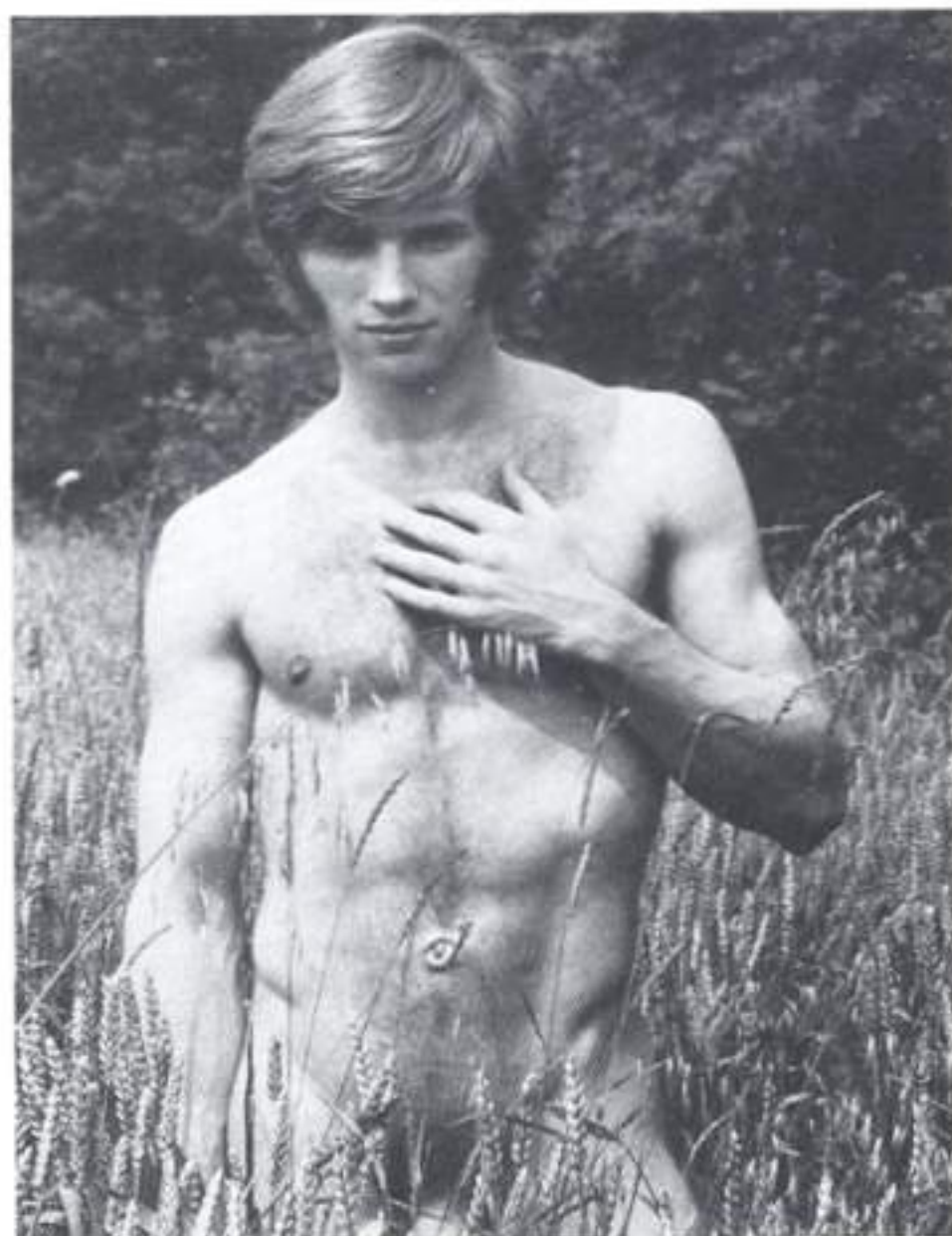
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# michael

Text and Photos by MIKE ARLEN

In five years of nude photography I've captured on film a great many men in their prime which have been published in magazines throughout Europe, but for some reason none have had the impact generated by a young Irish lad called Michael Walsh. Each time shots of him were published I received such a deluge of mail which continued for months inspiring me to take more pictures of him in yet another setting.

Michael does more listening than talking, although he was known to strum a guitar and sing to himself or the animals on the farm in the British countryside that dominated his life before moving to London. As a labourer on a building site, he soon

discovered that the two legged animals who tended to linger watching construction gave him far more concentrated attention than his friends on the farm.

This was equally true on weekends when he got himself an evening job serving behind a bar. Michael's faculty for listening attentively came into its own and he was genuinely oblivious of the mesmerized expressions worn by most of the customers as their eyes followed his every movement between pulling pints of beer and striding to and from the cash register.

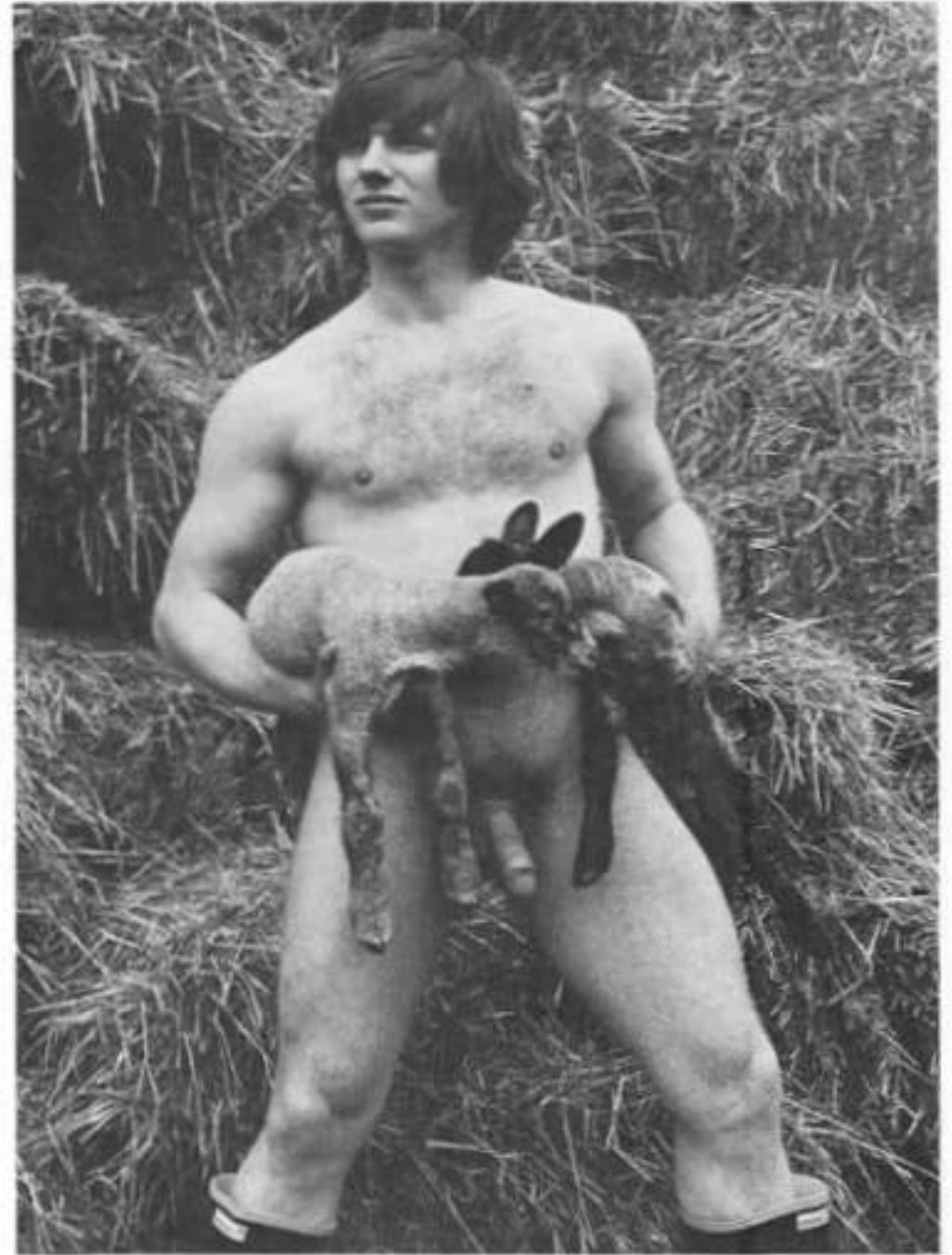
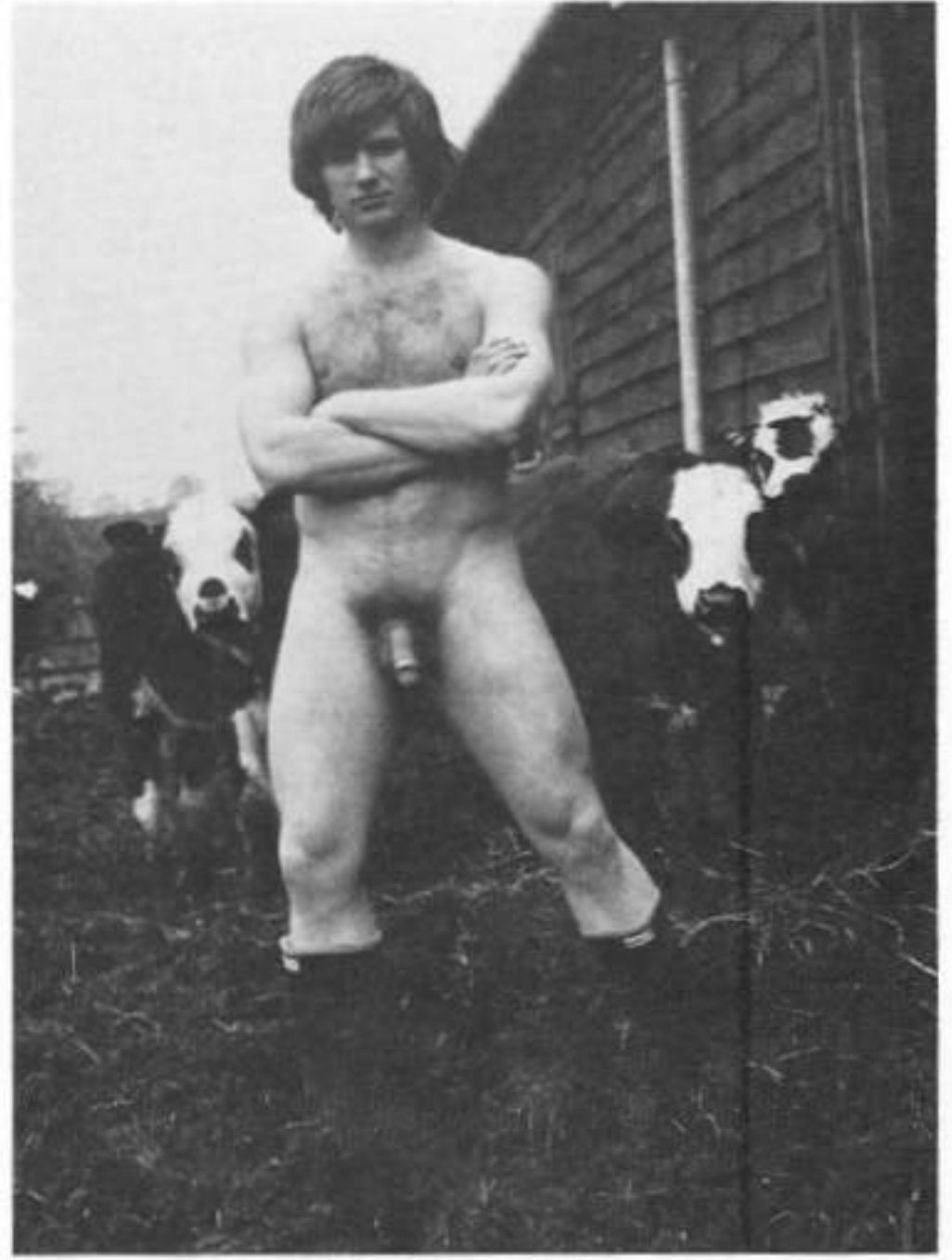
The only off-putting aspect of his personality that has floored some of his fans who have met him in his incapacity or interest in joining in brit-

tle repartee about the latest plays, movies, parties, places to go and people to know. He has been known to arrive at my door after midnight with a book under his arm, smile a greeting to half a dozen of my friends who are indulging in avid conversation, and, between sipping orange juice, bury his head in that book for the following hour.

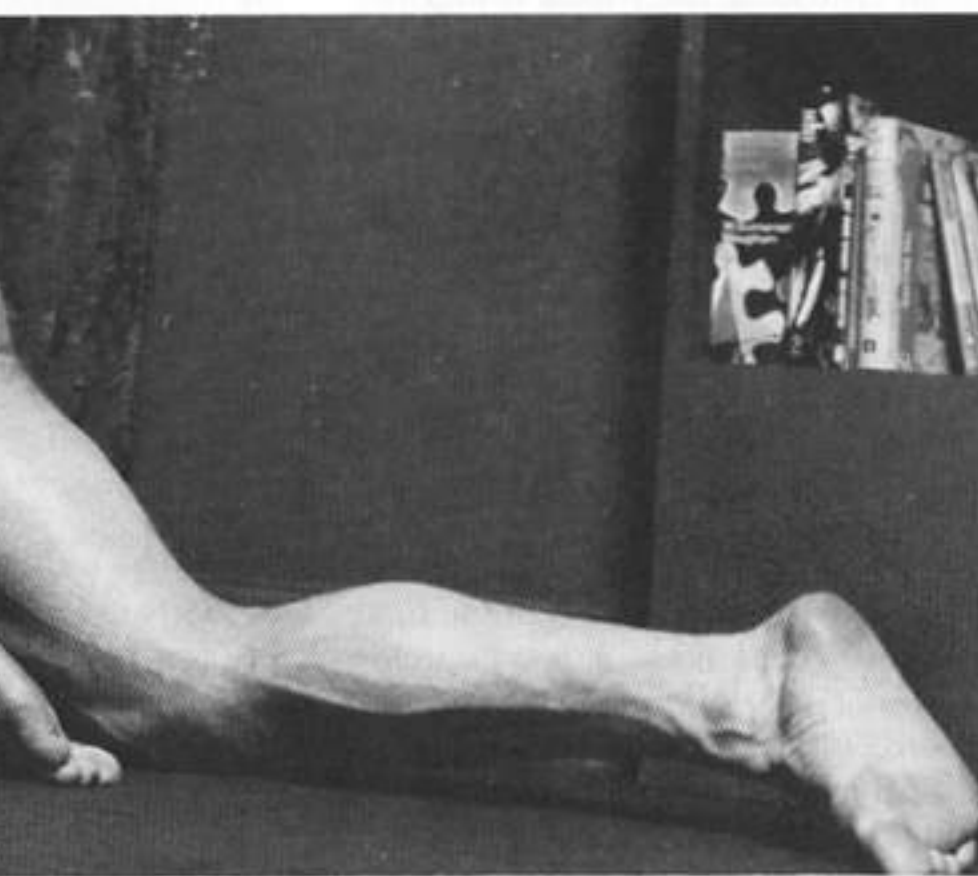
"Is he for real?" has asked more than one disbelieving observer sitting near him. They are still asking as they leave, by which time the Walsh wonder might be yawning and asking if I mind him staying the night.

Little did I know what I was starting when I slowed down on fashion photography to take an interest in nudes a few seasons ago.











In one of the music business' recent, and not infrequent shakeups, several MGM record artists found themselves out in the cold after Mike Curb left as head of the label. Michael Allen was one of those orphans.

"Nobody wanted what I am — a white male, standup singer, without a hit record, without a hit television show, or a hit Broadway show." He didn't have to do much soul searching to realize "everybody has to have a 'thing' going."

Nearing 35, and more anxious than ever to make it, Allen found himself making the rounds again. Eleven record companies turned him down because he wasn't "rock-oriented, into acid rock, or concerts." He was what is commonly referred to (and avoided) in the business as MOR (middle-of-the-road) and if you're not Andy Williams or Steve Lawrence, you might as well face the fact that you're a rare and vanishing



is probably what will drive him right up the ladder of success. "I want to make them forget all that bullshit in the world. My head's geared to satisfying people."

He says he can see the light at the end of the tunnel now, but it's also been a long, hard haul from the days fresh out of college when he was waiting on tables for \$21 a week at New York's Cobb's Corner hamburger chain. One day he found himself serving cheeseburgers and Cokes to author Jacqueline Susann, her husband producer Irving Mansfield, and Lauren Bacall. Goaded by the other waiters, cooks and bartenders that here at long last was his chance, he stood at their table and sang to the wide-eyed threesome.

After he had bubbled with songs for awhile, they wanted to know why he was singing for them. "I've got to be a star," he said. "I've got to sing and it's going to be my life. You're

# MICHAEL ALLEN

By JOHN ROBERTS

breed.

Allen knew he wasn't ready to go back to being a waiter or bartender or a cab driver, even though there were plenty of inactive months to think about chucking the whole thing. But with 15 years of struggle behind him, he knew he was too hooked to turn back.

Allen and his attorney had already gotten a few thousand dollars together and recorded an unknown Neil Sedaka song and tried unsuccessfully to place it with a company. Things looked pretty bleak.

Of course, when he least expected it, Elektra Records called him in and told him they had Carly Simon, Judy Collins, Tony Orlando and Dawn, and Joni Mitchell, but no single male standup Vegas nightclub-type act.

They put Allen together with record pro Snuff Garrett and the result is "Something Super," a disco tune that just may be the big one. "The adrenaline that's been going

through me has finally reached a peak," he says.

The company also booked him into L.A.'s swank Playboy Club so he could strut his stuff for business bigwigs and the press. Opening night, with the likes of Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mitzi Gaynor, George Maharis, and Ricardo Montalban ringside, he got a much-deserved standing ovation and raves from the music critics from *Billboard*, *Cash Box*, and *Radio & Records*.

It was a long way from Minneapolis where beer cans were thrown at him because he wasn't singing "Your Cheating Heart" and "Make The World Go Away." He learned his lesson quickly and with the help of an Eddy Arnold songbook geared himself to the locale. Club owners don't necessarily care what a performer does on stage as long as there are, as they say, "asses on the seats."

That desire to please an audience

important people." Indeed they were and before he knew it, he was out of his apron and on CBS's *Celebrity Talent Scouts* where he was introduced by Bacall. By the way, there was another unknown on the same show who went on to become Mama Cass.

Although he was finally on his way professionally, he'd been singing since he was a kid wherever he could. Usually in church choirs. It didn't matter which — in the synagogue as a junior cantor, in the First Presbyterian Church, in the Greek Orthodox Church — you name the faith, he's played it.

Success was still a long way off. "It's taken me 15 years to realize I can't do it alone. You must surround yourself with the right people; people you respect."

He also realized it wasn't going to come easy. He'd have to go out and hustle. He used to get up at 6 a.m.

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David Summers doesn't let any grass grow under his feet. He's only been in New York since January of 1973 and hasn't stopped working since he arrived.

A native of Houston, he travelled quite a bit with his family due to his father's job in civil service and lived in California for a year before moving to Waco, Texas, and finally back to Houston. He didn't stay long though. After his father died, he went to San Antonio and spent three years in a Catholic Seminary, finally giving it up to pursue a career in music which began as early as age ten when he started taking his first voice and diction classes.

Within months of arriving in New York, he landed the part of "the new boy in town" (how's that for type-casting?) in Al Carmine's "The Faggot," winning rave reviews and a firm push towards a singing and acting career.

we had moved to The Truck & Warehouse Theater. It looked like we were going to run for a while. My mother came to see it and there was a big party at Sardi's and all."

I ask him what her reaction was to the show and to his new career prospects because of it. It seems that suddenly his phone had begun to ring and scripts were arriving and the world had quickly gone a little crazy.

"Yeah, well it all happened so suddenly, you know, and in the middle of it all here was my mother in town to see me in a gay show. So I was prepared to have to answer some questions. I mean I've never had anything to hide. Well, the upshot of it was that she didn't ask any questions! It wasn't until my picture appeared on the cover of *The Advocate* that she found out I was gay. A friend showed it to her. We finally had a talk about it recently and she still says to me 'David, I just can't believe you're gay' and I usually say

'Well, I'm here to tell ya!' It's no hassle."

Appearing in "The Faggot" put David's star before the public eye but after the show closed he went through a bad time in his life, coming down from all that attention and getting his plans for a more stable success into perspective.

"Oh, I did a lot of things that summer. I always knew I wanted to sing and here I was doing things just to get by and my energy was low. I did a couple of Showcase things at St. Clements here and a real dog called 'The Future' for Al Carmines. Then during the summer on Fire Island I saw *Gotham* at The Monster and they really knocked me out. But it was like 'Chorus Line,' you know? I said 'I can do that!' and really started working on a nightclub act."

David's club act opened at Brothers and Sisters and was an immediate smash. In fact when I went down to see him there were lines of

# DAVID SUMMERS

By VITO RUSSO

Talking to David in his homey Upper West Side apartment on a typical New York winter day, he discussed his almost overnight success in "The Faggot" and what it did to his personal and public life. His eyes are large and earnest and he's naturally friendly, a product, he says of his comfort with New York City and his Texas trained hospitality.

"I was really nervous when I went to audition for Al Carmines because I didn't know what to expect. I didn't even know what the name of the show was when I showed up there one afternoon. Then Carmines announces that the name of the Oratorio is going to be "The Faggot" and I got immediate visions of writing to my mother to tell her that I'd arrived in New York and was now in an Off-Off Broadway show called 'The Faggot.' Just great, right? But then I got this song called 'New Boy In Town' and the show opened to great reviews and before you knew it



people waiting to get in and not a reservation to be had. He moved through his routine with the kind of humor and dedication which first attracted audiences to him in "The Faggot" and got three standing ovations. The energy had clearly returned. Now he's putting together a new act and working very hard on the new format with a renewed dedication and sense of hard work.

"I can't hide in a nightclub act. There's no character, just me. I'm beginning to put into it the kind of work it needs to be what I want it to be."

Speaking of hiding, does David find it easier now for performers to be honest onstage?

"Yeah, sure. The way times have changed and all, of course it is. I take my sexuality for granted and now people are more apt to be who they really are in the '70s and it's easier to deal with them on an honest level.

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# MAKING IT IN LA JOLLA

By JOHN JACK BAYLIN

There is undoubtedly a bit of "funny" stuff rampant in the surf colony and we're here to prove it.

**L**a Jolla, California—There's a certain young man who hangs out with the rest of the gang of the hip locals down by Windansea Beach. An incredibly beautiful creature, he appears to have no equal, whether man, woman or child.

He's of medium height and has a perfectly shaped face crowned by an angelic mop of sun-golden curls. (Surfers bleach out their hair, by the way, and it looks allRIGHT! This makes me think of that popular Swedish tennis fox "Bjorn Blonde".) But to continue . . . my certain young man is hairy basically, although in specific ways. Golden hairy fleece covering well-formed legs and thighs, an abundant bush at the base of the spine peeking out over faded baggies — the semi-short ones that are now fashionable among coastal youth. His chest is not really hairy, but it is tanned and well-proportioned, a physical trait typical in surfers. This one special surfer though, is definitely to me, a Man among Men.

Everyone down here really does an awful lot of exercising and looking pretty. Always out there in all that sun and sea; building young bodies and cleansing unscrutable souls. There is undoubtedly a bit of "funny" stuff rampant in the surf colony. I guess you have to stick around a bit to find out where it's at — beat 'em

or join 'em . . .

I still haven't mentioned The Boy's beard. It's important to be able to picture the beard if you want the authentic San Diego feel of this story. I see The Boy every day on the beach at the foot of the street where I live. (I could walk down there right now and there he'd be romping in cutoffs or funny red corduroy jeans, giving it, sneering with his handsome buddies or trying to make the nearest-fox-in-sight.) The boy is evidently a very popular young man, and very straight. Apparently.

I'll never forget the time I saw him at the Bowie concert, this year's triumphant cross-sexual event, at the Sports Arena in mid-February. I was making my way to my seat with friends and THERE HE WAS emanating all his gorgeousness, shirt tails out, and every last hair in place. With that most appealing growth of blonde hair sprouting all over his chin and around his mouth. Like a Norse god.

On another occasion, he was accompanied by a would-be blonde on blonde clad in a wetsuit and my friend overheard him say: "WHY

---

*John Jack Baylin — artist, author and connoisseur of gracious living — welcomes inquiries about his annual Limited Edition art publication "Fanzini Magazine" at 342 Playa del Norte, La Jolla, Calif. 92037.*

DON'T YOU GO ALL THE WAY?" He was inviting his buddy to follow him by shedding his wetsuit in full view in order to slip into a towel — which is the way it's done. Hot young boys appearing in the altogether in broad daylight is a common occurrence in these parts. Happens most any time at any beachy place.

I like living in this area; I love it, in fact. There is such a density of remarkably goodlooking people around and they're all so friendly too. This is due partly to the utter magnificence of the physical landscape and the heavenly climate.

La Jolla / San Diego almost seems pre-programmed as one of the top spots of the nation, where hard work and hard play go hand in hand for one and all. The surroundings invoke a lifestyle which is conductively optimistic. If the area ever appeared "conservative" it is now certainly dominated by the freewheeling and youthful spirit of sports, leisure, learning, and all-out fitness. Youth is championed here and I think puberty must start happening at the age of nine! All the best people spend the majority of their time being active and outdoors.

There is a lot of money here and a lot of brains too. There are thousands of hot pickups and customized vans: San Diego, which tries to imitate the Motopia sensibility of neighboring

(Please Turn To Page 75)







was very, very simple. You could have gone in there and not known what kind of a bar it was at all, unless you observed the behavior a bit. I've never been in a place where things seemed less complicated or less sinister — unless they were play-acting.

**Q:** The economic situation here is pretty bad. Could we be in for another Hitler this fall?

**Isherwood:** I don't think people realize how desperate the situation was in Germany. It was much worse than it is here at the moment. Hitler never would have come into power otherwise. When Hitler was elected their slogan was: "Vote for Hitler: Our Last Hope." They meant by that that the country was absolutely going down the drain. Everybody in Germany thought something desperate had to be done. And of course when something desperate has to be done people sometimes end up doing something appalling.

## Noel Coward said Isherwood reminded him of Lawrence of Arabia.

There hasn't been a political party of the same ilk here as there was in Germany. Right at the very beginning the Nazis said, "There are three kinds of people we're out to get: Jews, gays, and all leftists." In some cases, of course, the same person could qualify on all three counts. They were amazingly uncompromising about this. I don't see any highly organized and truly aggressive political force threatening our existence in quite the same way.

**Q:** Were there any gay Nazis?

**Isherwood:** Oh I know there were, and this seems to me the most extraordinary position I can think of.

**Q:** What was your impression of Berlin after World War II?

**Isherwood:** It was very depressing, and at the same time dramatically stimulating. You couldn't help thinking, "What a book you could write about that! This apparently ruined city had a tremendous amount of life going on. We could go along a catwalk over the rubble to another part of a house which was completely preserved. There was a bar and lights. You went in and thought, 'Why this is exactly like in the '30s.'"

... they're always trying to get us to hate ourselves — especially the gays.

And there was the drama of East Berlin before the wall. You could sort of go across. I had a press card, but my friends said to give them a call at five o'clock when I would get back, and if they didn't hear from me by seven they'd do something. There were people being kidnapped. It was sort of creepy.

**Q:** Shouldn't gays get together with other minorities who are also oppressed?

**Isherwood:** Absolutely, if minorities could get together we wouldn't any longer be a minority. But it's really a trick. Even in the oppression of the concentration camps there were people maneuvering against other people to get a bit of bread or something. It's terrible, but we're only humans. And you see they're always trying to get us to hate ourselves — especially the gays. There's a lot of propaganda going on that we're inferior, that we've got some kind of twist, or we're a bit dirty really, or immature, or God knows what. That's the thing we really have to fight against. And that's what really undermines your effort to be loyal to other people.

**Q:** What about the clergy's damning us? Couldn't they be as bad as the Nazis?

**Isherwood:** Well the religious spokesmen hardly advocate death. As a matter of fact that came out rather amusingly in Sacramento once. They were quoting Leviticus, and somebody got up and said, "All right, it does say in Leviticus it's a sin and so forth, but just let me read you the rest of it — they have to be put to death. Will the honorable member go along with that too?" It rather embarrassed him, and he couldn't get up and say he wanted to kill us all.

**Q:** How does your study of Eastern philosophy tie into your view of homosexuality?

**Isherwood:** One thing which must be remembered is that the Hindus are not puritanical in the Western tradition. What they say is that certain things are obstacles to knowing God, our true nature. There is some part of us which is eternal, and this eternal can be known through a species of self-knowledge, medita-

tion, or whatever.

Different people have different obstacles to achieving this knowledge. The obstacles may not be the same for everybody. Things which are hang-ups for one person are not hang-ups for another. It's even possible to have the pursuit of religion become an obstacle by getting too bogged down in the minutiae of the matter. It's the same with the whole question of sex. You must ask, "What part does sex play in my life?" Is it a part which is inhibiting you in other ways, or not?

Let's take some much simpler thing, like being an artist. Should artists marry, or dedicate themselves to their art? It all depends what kind of a person you are. It's the same with Hindus. They don't judge sins by a kind of laundry list of these things which have charges for each. They say, "In your particular place, what is it which is your hang-up?" That's what matters to them.

**Q:** What do you think of men touching each other in public?

**Isherwood:** Well there shouldn't be

## I do think . . . success makes people nice.

any nonsense about it, although I prefer to hold hands in private. I didn't have any urge to hold David Selznick's hand, although everyone knew about it.

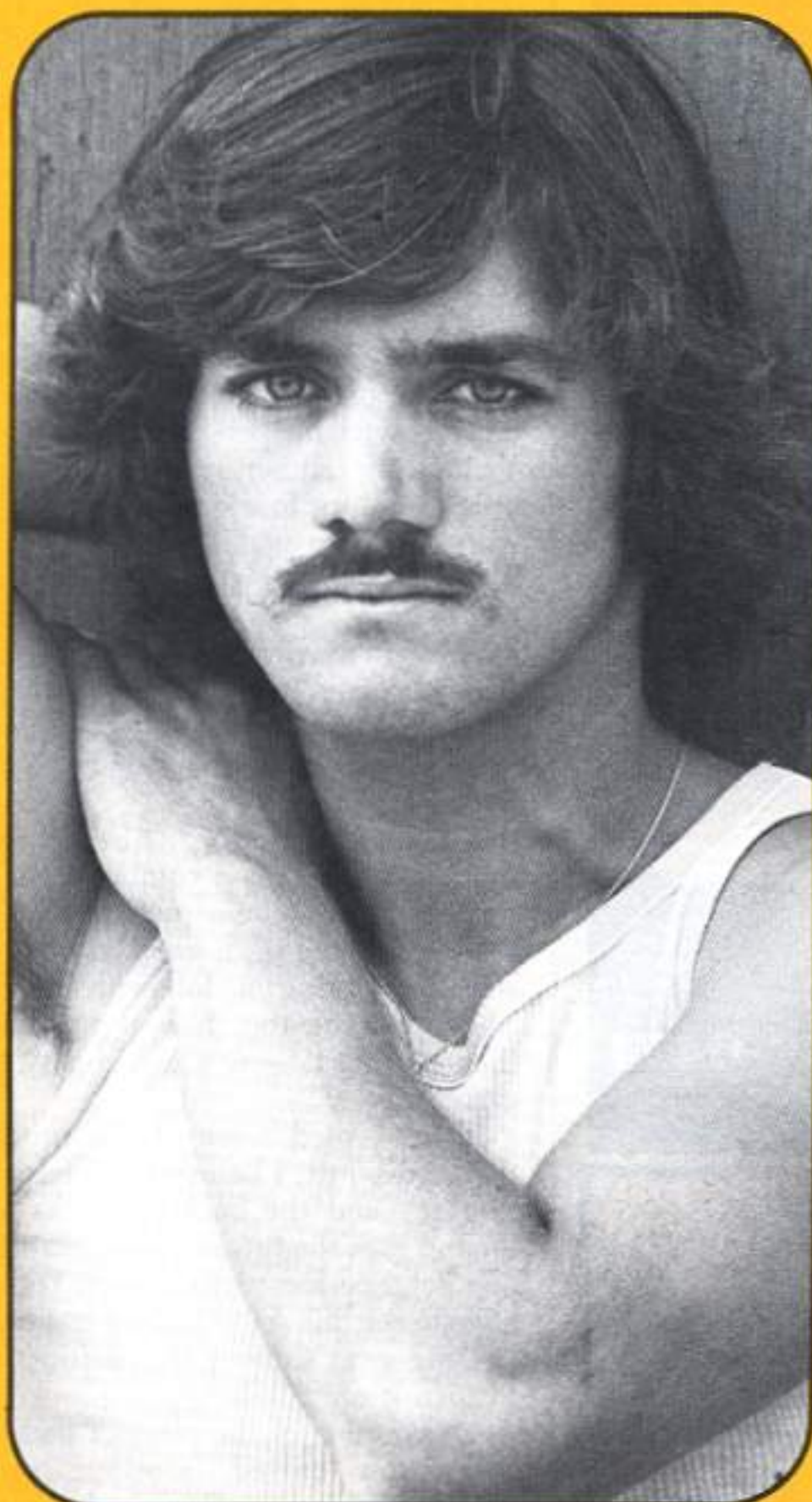
**Q:** Did the knowledge of your being gay ever hurt you professionally?

**Isherwood:** That's something that it's very easy to get paranoid about. I think personally that in many cases I got torpedoed by people who were against me. But it has worked both ways. If someone attacks you, sometimes their foes may defend you even more. It's very pretty, the mechanics of persecution as far as the press goes. I used to get terrible reviews from *Time* magazine until I called them the greatest swine that ever lived for attacking Tennessee Williams. And to show that they were absolutely on the level, I got wonderful notices for several years thereafter. So you never know what the best tactics are.

**Q:** Is your art comedy or tragedy?

**Isherwood:** All of my friends and I agreed that we wanted to be tragic comedians, or comic tragedians. In other words, the idea of writing all-out tragedy or all-out comedy seem-





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RUSS TAMBLYN

(Continued From Page 23)

In the art world, he's known as Russel Tamblyn; and he's proud of having kept his two careers separate, avoiding the "celebrity art" circuit where people sell works because of their names, not their talent. "I've got a foothold in the fine art scene, which is hard to do," he says.

"I've been in a couple of group shows . . . and I've had two solo exhibitions, one in which the only other person who helped me was Neil Young, the singer, who lived next door to me for four or five years. We were going to make a movie — in fact, he wrote an album, 'After the Gold Rush,' and we were gonna make this movie. The album came out, but we never got the movie made." (The album credits a "Dean Stockwell-Herb Berman screenplay" with inspiration.)

Tamblyn describes his art as "mixed-media. It's a combination. I try to be as unique as possible. . . . When my house burned down, I started working a lot with burnt walls, painting the charred part and then carving it — it was real easy to carve.

"Also I used some of the things that had burnt. I had this one television set, and the back of it was all melted over the tubes. I plugged it in and got a perfect picture on it. You'd have to see this set to believe it. I had to bang away some of the plastic just to turn it on.

"It was one of the pieces I had in this show called 'Collage and Assemblage.' . . . Somebody said, 'What did you do with it? Don't you want to paint it or do something with it?' And I said, 'I did the main thing, which was plugging it in, which most people would never think of doing, looking at this set.'"

Eventually, Tamblyn says, having achieved some success in the art world, "I reached the point where I had to go the professional artist's route or the professional actor's route; I chose to come back to acting."

His first vehicle was *The Last Movie*, made in Peru by his friend, Dennis Hopper, with a lot of people from the Topanga scene. Early in 1972, Tamblyn and Stockwell co-starred in a comedy called *Another Day at the Races*. It was never released, but was advertised in the trades last year as *Win, Place or Steal*; so it may yet turn up at your neighborhood theatre.



Never having done stage work, Tamblyn eased into it as a "guest artist" in two college productions. Then he took on the leading role in "George M," at the Midnight Sun Dinner Theatre in Atlanta.

He did a lot of research for the part, reading two of three existing books on George M. Cohan. The third, an autobiography, is largely fictional, according to the other books. He also screened Cohan's 1932 movie, *The Phantom President*.

Tamblyn's singing had rarely been heard before. In *West Side Story*, he says, "I did (use my own voice) in the 'Krupke' number, but not the 'Jet Song.' I could have; but the man in charge of the music — Saul Chaplin, he had done *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, too — he didn't like using any actors to do singing.

"He liked using professional singers; he always brought them in — for everybody. . . . He's known for that. He even wanted to dub Al Jolson's voice — Do you believe that! — when he did a Jolson movie 'way back in the '30s. He's out of it, that way."

(The response from Atlanta critics suggested that this production of "George M" could have used Chaplin's help.)

Tamblyn brushed up his dancing for the show with Willie Covan, a black man of "about 80" who had worked down the street from Cohan in 1924. He was part of an act called "The 4 Covan's," which was often confused with "The 4 Cohans." Covan told Tamblyn that Cohan couldn't dance.

Offstage, the star spoke candidly about the show and the man he played in it: "There's hardly anything that I like about him or the music. I admire his family unity; there's little else. It's not a show that I would go to see if I were on my own. . . .

"The audience loves it. That part of it is fun. But for me, it's a tremendous acting role because I'm playing something that I'm tremendously far removed from personally. The last thing that I believe in is the American flag, as a symbol. I like the reality of loving the country without having a symbol for it."

Tamblyn's future plans are uncertain, but he wants to stay in show business. "I don't see any difference between what I'm doing and what Mick Jagger's doing," he says. "We're both entertainers."



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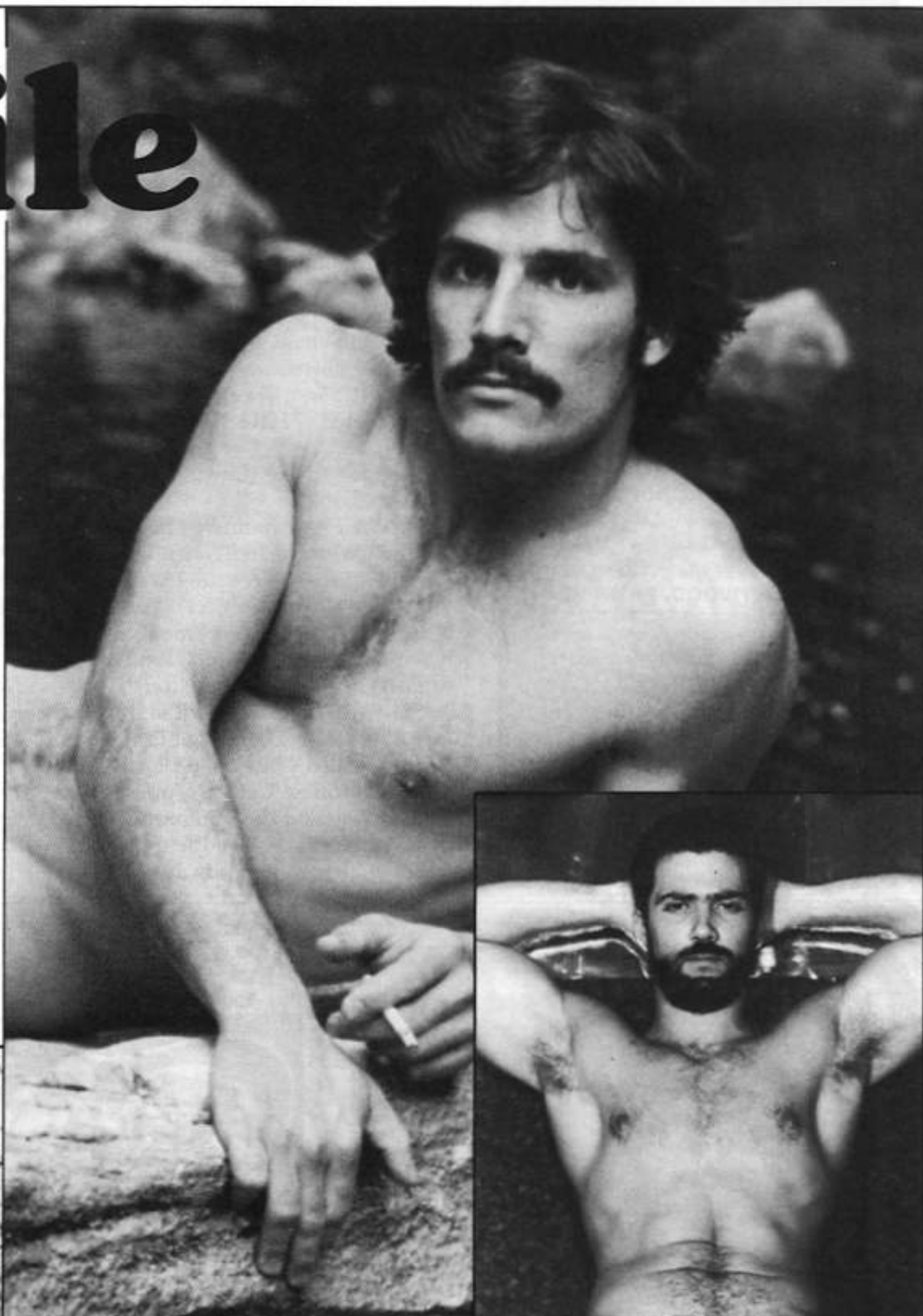
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## OFF AND RUNNING

(Continued From Page 51)

now-famous series and the N.Y. Post picked it up, did the straight media break their silence on the terrifying subject of gays in sports.

Today, over 300,000 copies of *The Front Runner* are in print, thanks mostly to the gay media and gay word-of-mouth, and the paperback edition is still selling.

Many people have asked me if I've gotten any hate mail. Believe it or not, I've gotten only one hate letter so far. It's in a special folder in my file, labeled, "Hate Letter No. 1."

\*\*\*

So back to the drawing board for another book.

In *The Front Runner*, I had touched on Western religious attitudes toward gay people, and I wanted to get back to this subject. As an ex-Catholic, I was concerned at the Catholic Church's special kind of intransigence on sexual matters.

So, in 1975, I sat down and wrote the novel that is being published this month, called *The Fancy Dancer*. It's about a young Catholic priest in a small town, and the summer when he realizes he is gay, and the guilts that almost drive him away from a

deeply-felt ministry.

There's a curious story behind the writing of this book. Early in 1975, when I was already thinking about it, I got a letter from a young rural New England priest who belonged to Dignity, the national organization of gay and concerned Catholics. "Why don't you write a novel about a priest?" he asked. "I am going to!" I answered him. After that, I met with the Dignity people, and they were helpful with my research.

When Morrow saw *Fancy Dancer*, they took only three days to make up

The straight press . . . pretty much ignored the book.

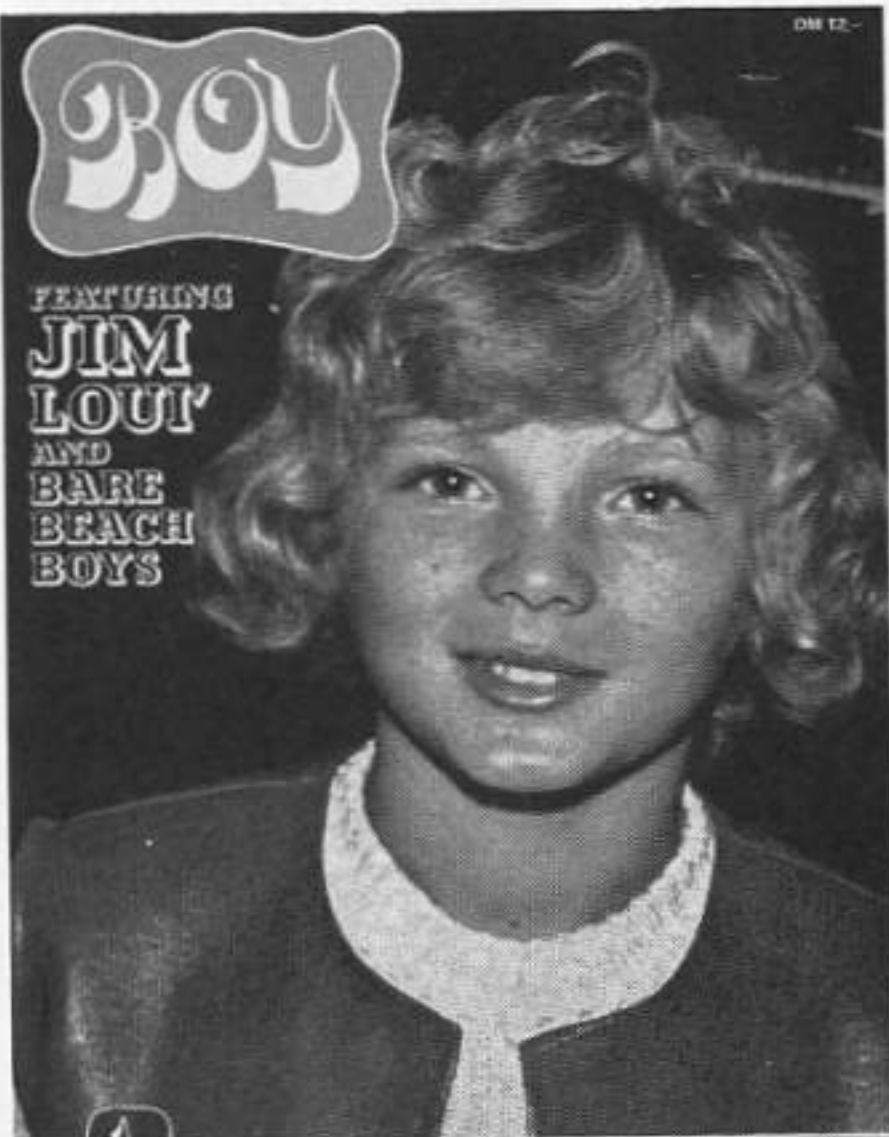
their minds. Bantam again bought the paperback rights, and will publish in 1977.

I think that, in many ways, *Fancy Dancer* is a better book than *Front Runner*. It's tighter, more focused. At any rate, it is a very different book.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, *The Front Runner* went into a whole new phase when Paul Newman optioned the film rights for it in 1975.

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If there is any one subject that my reader mail expresses anxiety about, it is about what Hollywood will do to the Sive-Brown love affair. If the movie is made, and if it is made right, it will be a breakthrough film. I mean, with Paul Newman playing Harlan Brown, it would be a hard movie to ignore, right?

The producers have kept in close touch with me on the script. I am not writing the script myself, because Newman prefers to work with professional screenwriters. But they are asking my opinion as the work

**If the movie is made right . . . it will be a breakthrough film.**

goes along. Based on my conversations with producers Hugh French and George Englund so far, they want to make an honest film.

Wonderful crazy rumors have been popping up in the gossip columns, about this or that hunky young star who will play Billy Sive. As far as I know, they are all untrue. Nobody has been signed to play Billy yet.

Personally, I'd like to see an un-

known in that role. Somebody who has done some serious running, and who can bring those insights and that real runner's physique to the screen. Richard Thomas et al are all too heavy-built. I'm afraid Billy Sive would never make it as a Colt model — he isn't good-looking in that kind of way. He would look like a racehorse, all bare bone and strings of muscle.

If things go as the producers hope, there may be some hard news on the film later this summer.

As time goes on, I have learned that there are all kinds of crazy rumors about me.

Apparently it's very hard for gay men to take in the idea of a woman writing about them, to the extent that some of them have rejected the book politically on these grounds. Or, even if they do like the book, they react by feeling sure that Patricia Nell Warren doesn't exist. The rumor is that (1) the book was written by a gay man using a woman's pseudonym, (2) the photo on the back of the hardcover edition is just some chick in the Morrow office (3) the book was written by a committee.

So I would like to go on record as

(Please Turn To Page 70)



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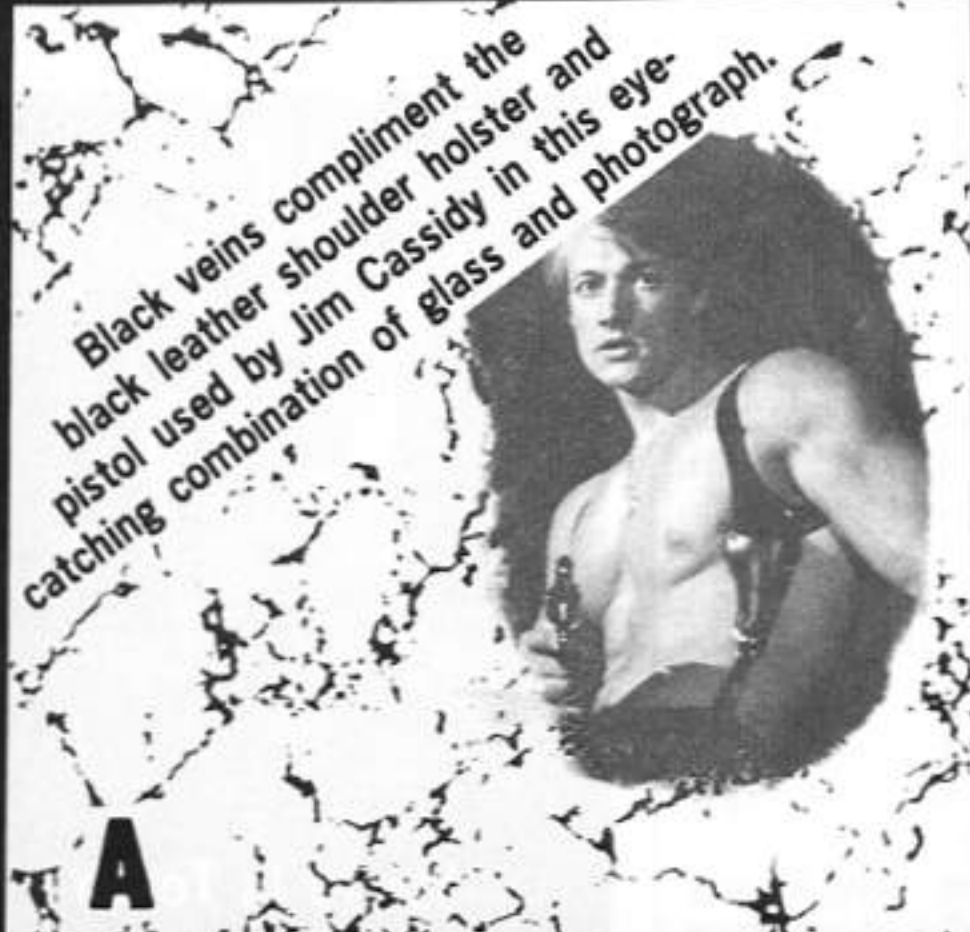


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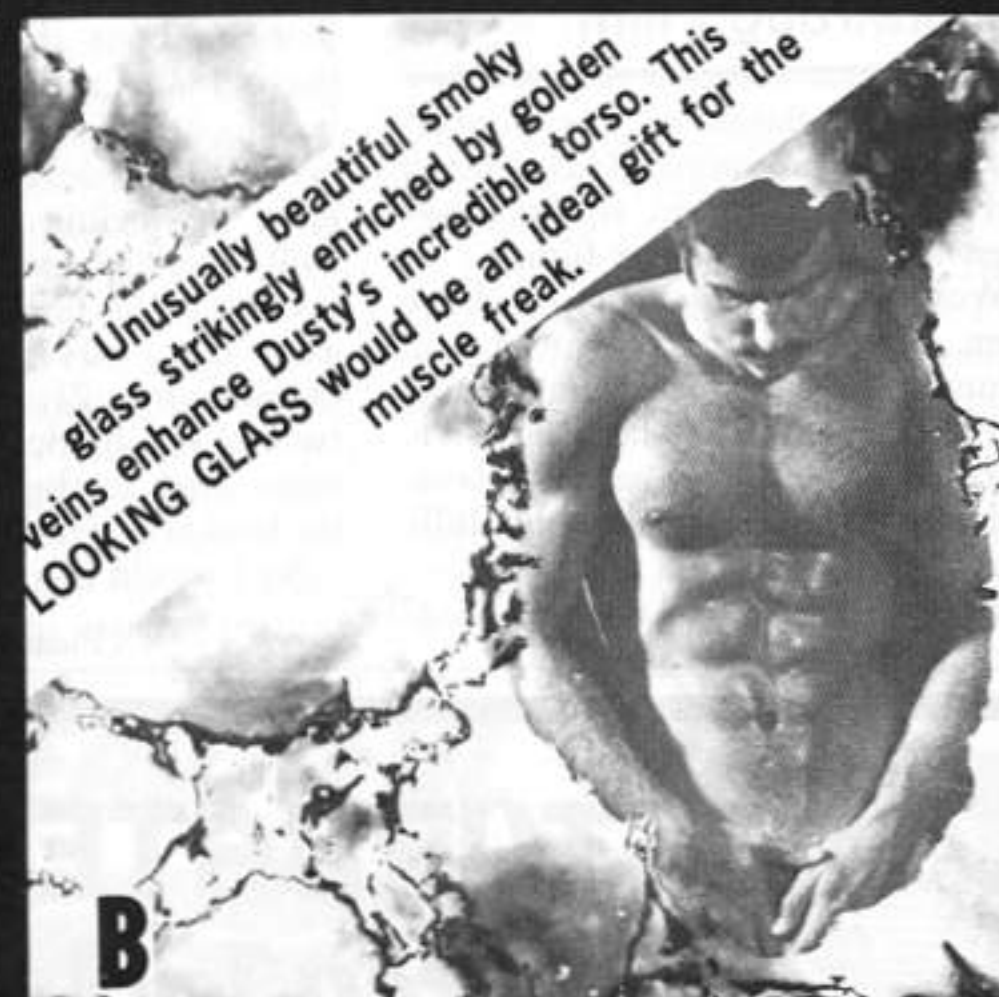




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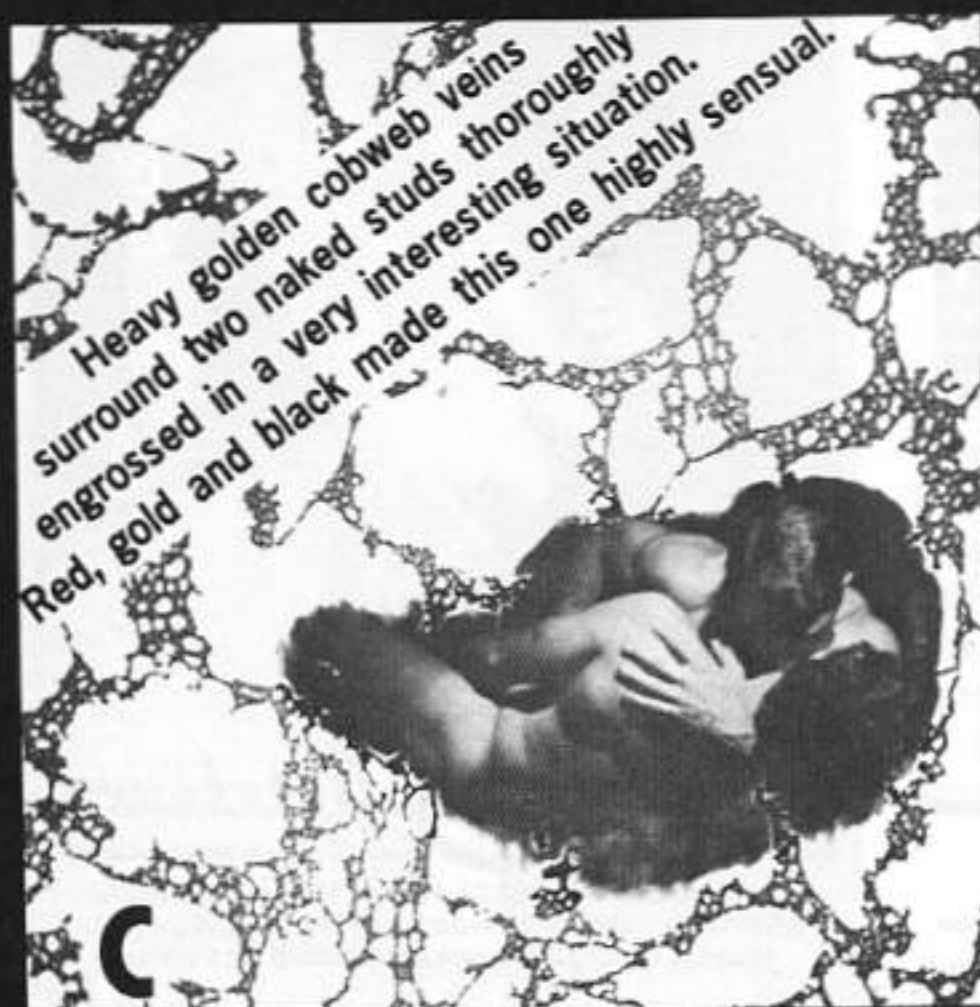
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**C**

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\* incidentally, if your mirror replies, "You're the fairest of them all.", you should contact PAEAN immediately. There may be a place for you before our cameras.

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## OFF AND RUNNING

(Continued From Page 67)

saying that I do exist. I am five foot six, I have brown hair with a few grey hairs, I love cats and horses and wildflowers, and my favorite color is purple.

Is it such a big deal for a woman to write about gay men? I don't honestly think so. These reactions, to me, are simply proof that gay men have been made to feel so alienated from society that they are convinced no one can understand them. Yet, from my point of view, there's nothing they experience that falls outside the realm of the human and the understandable.

A writer has to be in the business of writing about all kinds of other people. Yes, a woman writing about men has to understand how men think and feel. And, feminist though I am I do believe that men are different, very different. I had to think my way into the head of Harlan Brown, who was a very complex man. But this is what any writer has to do when creating any character in a book.

\* \* \*

While all these things are going

on, I am just living my life. After my divorce in 1973, I've been having a wonderful time finding out what my own lifestyle is.

I live in an old cottage in the Westchester County horse country, 1 hour north of New York City. The place is decorated in a style that could be called Victorian mod. My purebred Somali cats have the run of the place. They help keep me sane — cats are experts at keeping humans in

**A writer has to be in the  
business of writing  
about all kinds of other  
people.**

line.

I live alone. The lady who writes about love doesn't have a lover right now. I did, for a couple of years — someone much younger than myself. But the affair came to its natural end, and we went our ways.

I'm up at the shriek of dawn, looking after the cats. At 8:30 I'm in the *Reader's Digest* in Pleasantville, working on the condensation of some nonfiction book. At lunch I do



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**X**



errands or answer letters. At 4:15 I'm home, changing into riding clothes. At 4:45 I'm at the stable in South Salem where I board my three show jumpers.

The horses help keep me sane too. To work with high-powered show horses, you have to leave all your up-tightness at the barn door, or they pick up on it right away and get up-tight too.

There's Brigadier, a huge crossbred chestnut gelding built like a truck, that a professional jumper rider is showing for me on the A circuit. There's Put 'Em Up, a brave little grey gelding that I will show myself. And there's Fancy Dancer, my pet project (part of the book advance paid for him). FD is a brown Thoroughbred stud who was crippled when I bought him. We've nursed him back to soundness, and he'll start showing over fences later this year.

My family have been in the horse and cattle business for 125 years, so it's been a very natural thing to do. When I was married, I didn't have any horses because my husband didn't like them and said they cost too much. And he's right — they cost a lot. Anybody who sees my knockabout little house and my beat-

up car knows where all my money goes.

By dark I'm back at the house, for a quick dinner, usually standing up in the kitchen (because otherwise the cats try to jump on my plate). Then an evening at the typewriter. Or maybe I drive down to New York to do business, or have dinner with friends, or sometimes to lecture.

Weekends are spent at horse shows, or cat shows, or hard work around the stable, or at the typewriter.

It's a rather solitary life. But I like it that way. One of the things I learned from writing *The Front Runner* was that you're alone with every book you write. If a writer can't have some peace and quiet, and withdraw inside himself to work, then his creative powers may start to dry up. Too much social life can be the death of a writer. This sounds paradoxical, because writers like people. I like people. But it isn't really a paradox — no matter how alone a writer is with his work, he is connected to other people in his head.

Right now I'm feeling very ambitious. Another novel is on the drawing board, and I have plans for several more.



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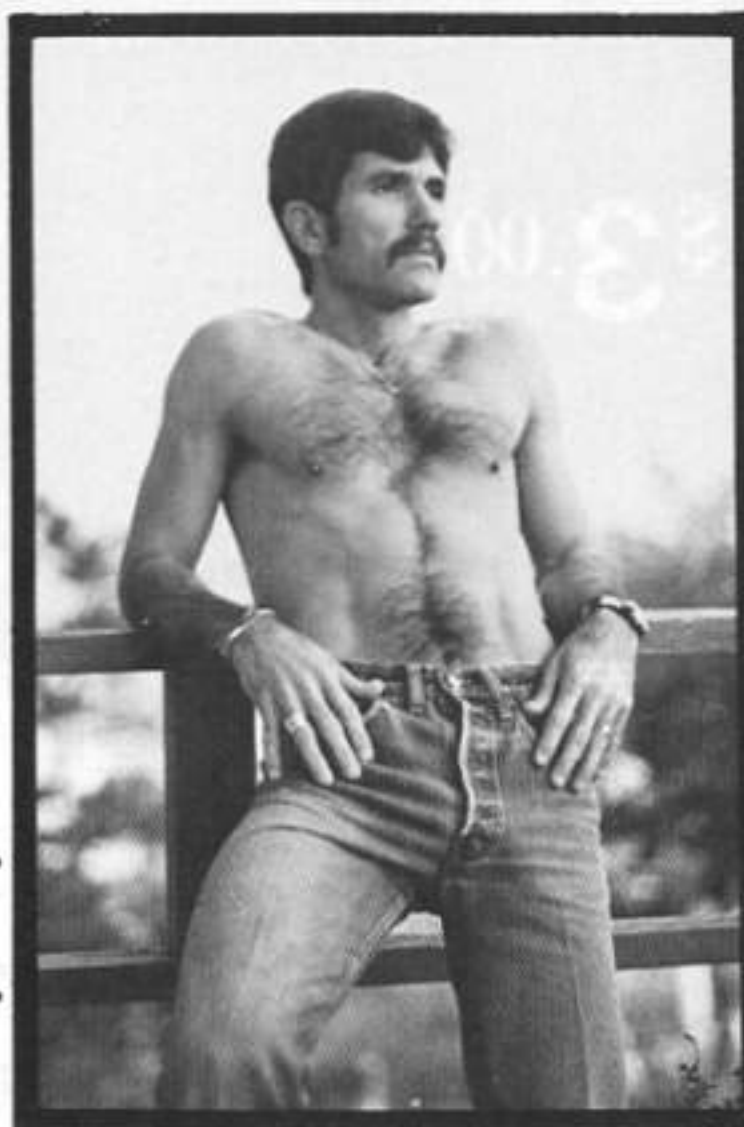
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# LET

### *Gay Cruises Anyone?*

I have just received your latest edition and enjoyed it as usual. In the article "Gotham" by Vito Russo, reference was made to a gay cruise in the Caribbean. I would appreciate your advising me of a travel bureau offering gay cruises. I have not been able to locate any.

D. B. Thompson  
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

*Try Hanns Ebensten at 55 West 42nd Street, New York City, 10036, as he arranges such tours (Tahiti in August) and he'll be glad to fill you in.*

### *Wants Harry Bush Prints*

In Issue 21 of your magazine there was a feature on Harry Bush drawings. I am an art student here at the University and I am very much interested in this sort of thing.

If the Harry Bush drawings are available in prints, would you possibly know where I may send for a selection?

Also I would like to take the opportunity to tell you what a delightful magazine you publish. I shall be most appreciative for whatever info you can send me. Thank you.

J.B.  
Ann Arbor, Michigan

*As far as we know, the Harry Bush drawings are not available in prints, only in magazines published at one time through the Athletic Model Guild, which advertises with us. You'll be happy to know, though, that Bush has joined IN TOUCH as a contributing illustrator. His work appears in this issue and will be featured later in the year.*



# ERS

## "You're The Best"

Being a bookstore manager I see many publications. Never have I written to any publisher but I must at this time drop a note to let you know "You're The Best." No other magazine comes anywhere near yours and happily sales of your magazine have doubled in the last six months. As it stands now I can't keep it in stock.

Keep up the good work as I sit here anxiously awaiting your next issue.

Dennis Lesieur  
Warwick, R.I.

## The Case For Gays On TV

Thank you for the excellent article, "A Long Way From Uncle Miltie," in Issue 21. Gerald Jones has stated the case for a gay television series quite eloquently.

Norman Lear's publicity boasts that his "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" was too hot for the networks to handle. Well, my gay situation comedy pilot script was too hot for Norman Lear to handle! I have been trying, unsuccessfully thus far, to sell my television series idea but have met with heavy opposition. One producer who liked my idea and pitched it to some of his network contacts later told me that he received very hostile reactions to it. He also told me that the major opposition to such a show comes not so much from the "straight" executives as from the closet queens at the networks, and they are "quite numerous," he attests.

But I am not giving up. If "Mary Hartman" can get on the air (finally, through syndication), then a gay sitcom is the next logical step. If you feel as I do, I urge you to write to the National Association of Broadcasters, 1717 N. Highland Avenue, Los

(Please Turn To Page 74)

# GAY ACTION



Gays have come out of the closet, dragging the Crisco, dildos, hoods, chains, handcuffs and hardware with them! And now there's a newsletter that lets you in on the latest gay action. **GAY PROBE** explores the outer reaches of Leatherlove from heavy discipline to fraternity initiations. **GAY PROBE** looks at piercing, golden showers, FFA activities, bondage, shaving and other "deviant" sex practices. **GAY PROBE** is a reader's forum. **GAY PROBE** puts you in contact with sailors, bikers, businessmen, construction workers and all the other scenes. **AVAILABLE BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.**

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LETTERS (Continued From Page 73)

Angeles, CA 90028, and state, in your own words, that gays are not receiving the programming representation they are due. Letters to the networks might also make the programming executives do some much needed thinking. And send a copy of Jones' article along with your letters.

David Batterson,  
Hollywood

*Australia is way ahead of us, as you'll see in Martin Smith's upcoming piece on down under's TV series "Number 96," about gays residing in a series of flats.*

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

I have been an admirer of your publication for some time, but, I must compliment you on Issue 23! Outstanding! I did enjoy the articles on Mineo (tragedy!) and Sheen. "Toward Perfection" was done with just right touch of humour . . . and the new faces were most beautiful . . . I, personally, don't care for sizes of penises . . . but . . . you have to please the buying audience . . . the face . . . natural form is what pleases me! And, oh! of course, the Tennessee Williams article was most interesting . . . perhaps too brief . . . well, I do believe the average gay's attention span is longer than two minutes . . . reading-wise! However . . . these are minor points . . . you just keep doing your thing . . . keep excelling . . . and *IN TOUCH* will be long with us!

A.Z.  
New York City

## *Why Not The Supremes?*

Would you believe I just discovered *IN TOUCH*? In Issue No. 22. I enjoyed it a lot.

The best part was the Barbra Streisand and Shirley Bassey articles. *IN TOUCH* features a high degree of excellent journalism, and your articulate and meticulous work is flattering to the reader.

I hope in the near future, you'll do an in-depth article / interview with



my favorite group, The Supremes. This talented trio has held a special place in the hearts of gay people, and their recordings have spanned not only many years, but several generations. The Supremes have contributed much to the performing arts and humanity, but they have also suffered in order to do so.

As gays, we should all admire and respect what The Supremes have given of themselves. The immortal group has been an asset to everyone. I think a cover story in *IN TOUCH* is very much in order.

Van Ault,  
Wildwood, Ga.

*Thanks for your kind words. We try harder. No doubt The Supremes will be featured in IN TOUCH at some future date, as well as Diana Ross. And you can bet should they be included, their names will appear on our cover.*

#### MAKING IT IN LA JOLLA

(Continued From Page 58)

Los Angeles is a sure stomping ground for a heck of a lot of what we'd prefer to call "auto eroticism."

All of this is further highlighted by the sweeping canvas of the sea. The sea is very important; and very mysterious. Its denizens are basic and reticent. True to their own kind, best friends are often lookalikes.

So where does all that leave me, a fairly together 27-year-old graphics designer (whose beard and longish hair are only beginning to streak yellow) with a penchant for boys and that indelible image idol called "The Box"? I'm happy to report that to date my experience here both creatively and sensuously (and even emotionally) has been a very happy one indeed. I can always walk up the street to the laundromat and stand face to face with the dual nature of glamour: in this case, "Mark" in matching royal blue sweat togs, 25ish, sort of *Playgirl* cutesy cover material, who invited me over for a beer and that's all.

What I lost to the rinse cycle was soon to be recaptured at Black's Beach, this country's only legal nude beach set precariously in one of the quietest and poshest parts of town. A sign proclaims boldly: **FOR LOCALS ONLY** and everyone couldn't agree more, particularly during the summer when overcrow-

(Please Turn To Page 76)

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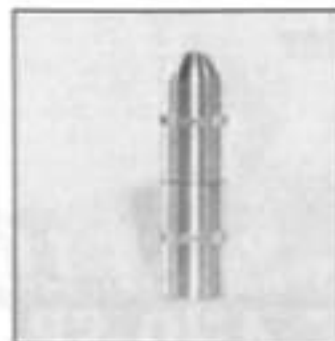
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MAKING IT IN LA JOLLA

(Continued From Page 75)

ding makes this funspot a definite victim of its own stardom. But if you do make it there, the further down the beach you go the more potentially interesting it gets. Don't hesitate to "go all the way" especially if you yourself are a good-looker. Chances are that by walking three miles past all the main action you just might encounter one of those bronzed surfer-gods, alone and making love to the sun, and maybe just maybe with a bit of luck and with Fred Halstead two steps behind, you may be able to relieve that heavy load on your mind after all. I have.

### The Tricks

Which leads me to "The Tricks." My disposition as a writer, artist and whore forever leads me toward the valley of self-confession. Also beyond that valley, so here goes . . .

He was a 19-year-old surfer / skateboarder-type with a hot body, an empty head and a personality permanently warped by his monsterish ego. His greatest talent was eating. He had a big, albeit pretty mouth and a moderately successful ability to arouse and placate my fantasies as the stranger in a strange, straight land. My last words to him: "Get out. GET OUT!!"

Alone again and at peace I think back to the hazy crazy daze of winter whose sensual adventures have erased all want and despair from my heart. The time the Boy in the V.W. (whose driving tendencies I recognized as pointedly Hollywood) circled back to me, picked me up, put his hand on my leg then drove to the end of our street and sucked me off. The fabulous part of this more or less routine happening was that because of where we were he just assumed that I was a straight boy conceding to the ecstasy of the moment. I naturally complied to his fantasy and it made the experience all that more racey.

And then there was The Boy Next Door. Just turned 20, bearded, originally from Florida. Somehow I got word that he was "willing," invited him over for dinner, then we made it bare-ass on the rug in front of a roaring fire in my naughty pine living room. He taught me the meaning of the word "fox" and I am grateful to him for this.

Later on, I met a Blonde on a Bum Trip (or was it a Bum on a Blonde trip?) outside a disco, a short-haired San Clemente-type surfer who was



soon to become my lover (his choice of words) for a whole week. Like the boy-next-door he had just recently come out, copping out of the hetero world in deference to the gorgeousness of Southern California boy talent.

Then there was "Bart" on the beach. The Swaggering Macho out of Viva who invited me to strip and play with him among the rocks before the twittery, snapping lens of his buddy / photographer. A truly enlightening experience, later consummated back at my place, then again later that same night and several other times after that. Among other things I got him to try on my roommate's jock and stand in front of the mirror and one time we jacked off together pretending we were inquisitively horny straight studs. There have been others too.

What I'm trying to point out is that if you've got the hots in San Diego you may as well avoid the bars. Why settle for a gaggle of glitzed-up sheered-off disco queens when the most beautiful men in the world are all but clamoring at your very doorstep every day? But just so you don't think I'm living the life of a nun, I must reveal the most recent part of my research and by far the most promising.

#### The Posers

"The Posers" are the faithless young men who are beginning to surface in my life from the depths of the Underground's underground. WANT TO MEET GUYS INTO POSING was the "bi-line" of my ad in a local tabloid whose PERSONALS column is eagerly devoured and lionized by the immediate (and especially collegiate) world of this area. I was almost instantly inundated with a flood of calls (some 60 or 70 to date!) from the ranks of both the curious and the willing. The medium I was to provide for them would be "photography" a mere vehicle for a context in which they could express their innermost feelings and perhaps exhibitionist desires. The overtone was slyly sexual. The response: decidedly NOT mundane. The results were rewarding.

Tom—23, 5'11", long brown hair, brown eyes, has posed for artist. Lives in La Jolla. Likes to fool around.

Danny—just turned 17. Surfer. Long blonde hair. "Excellent body." Has posed for a few guys in town but in it for the money. Plays football.

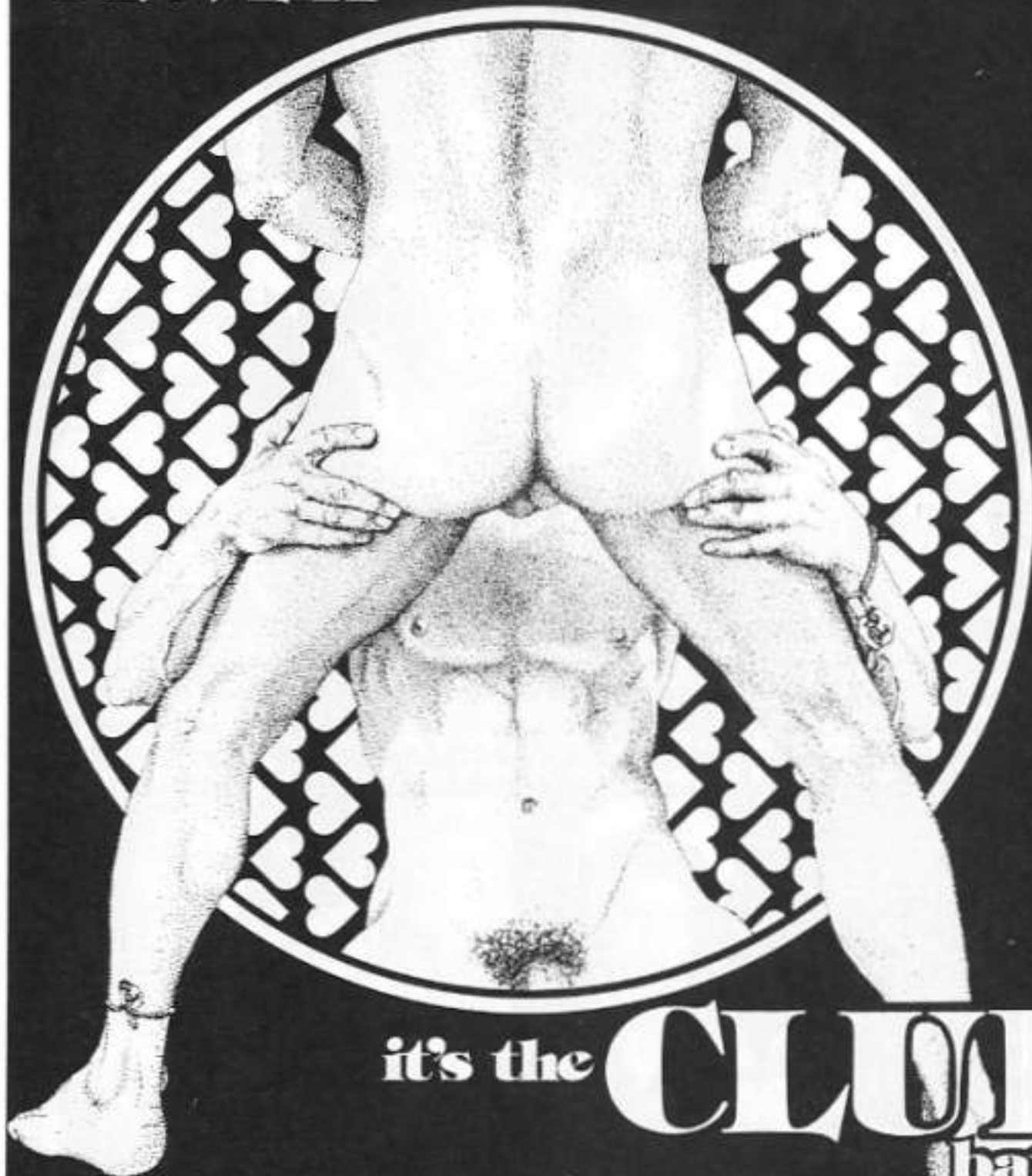
(Please Turn To Page 78)

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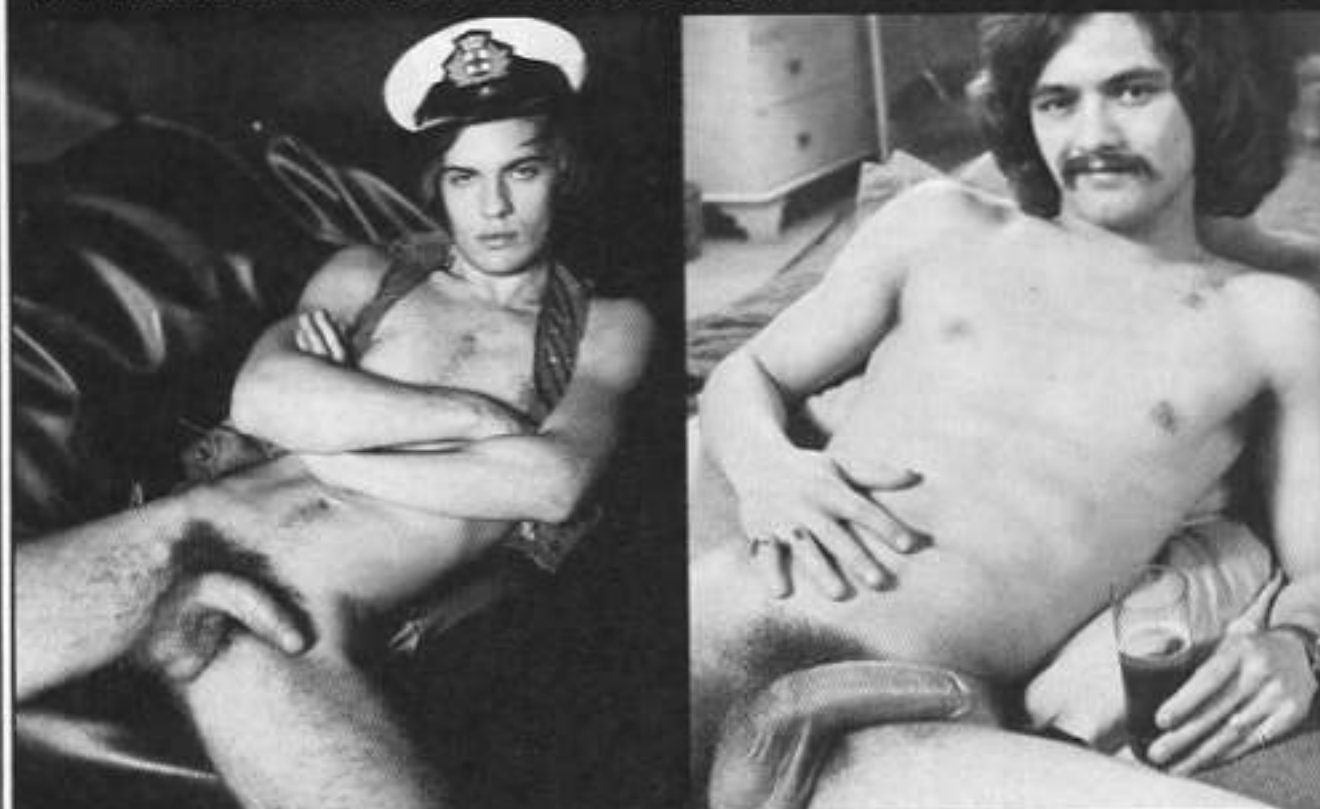
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MAKING IT IN LA JOLLA  
(Continued From Page 77)

Paul—age 22, 5'9", 136 lbs. Long blonde hair. Into swimming and athletics. Lives in Ocean Beach. Undecided.

Dale—24, 6'1", 185 lbs. Muscular. Construction worker. Shoulder length brown hair. Tattoo on right shoulder. His "old lady" once drew him.

Robert—21, 6'1", 160 lbs. San Diego State student. Muscular. Would like to pose working out in jock. Surfs.

The most spectacular visitor in my stable of star models is a 20-year-old boy with the face of a teen idol and the body of a football player. (He has played on teams in four different high schools in this area.) He has done some acting, perhaps might get deeper into that and in the meantime contends with a rigorous schedule of studies at State, holds a job, and takes a weightlifting course. He has a very winning personality, and I find myself a little bit "in love" with him.

Last week after a particularly productive photo session he insisted on trimming my moustache for me and did it with such Tender Loving Care that I found myself more than eager to accept his invitation to accompany him on a quick trip to Mexico for the weekend.

Sometimes, when you're not quite "making it" in La Jolla, you just have to go further south, and try out San Miguel.

MICHAEL ALLEN  
(Continued From Page 56)

California time and call 50 radio stations a day, working his way across the map to make personal plugs for airtime. He worked hard to make his recording of friend Jerry Herman's "When Mabel Comes in the Room" (from the stage musical "Mack and Mabel") into a hit. The song started to catch on, then died when the show closed on Broadway. "That took five years off of my life," he admits.

He plans to work just as hard to make "Something Super" happen. "I'm going to work on it 17 hours a day if I have to take that record to every discoteque in the country. I'll walk from L.A. to New York to deliver that record."

He's a true Aquarius — nervous, neurotic, hypersensitive, over-emotional — which just happens to be all the necessary ingredients for success. ○



ISHERWOOD

(Continued From Page 60)

ed stultifying — incomplete. But when I read other works this doesn't necessarily apply, for example, to farce. Personally I always thought in terms of mixture. I cannot help feeling that is the true realism.

Q: Why don't you spend more time in Europe?

Isherwood: Well it may sound corny, but I adore this country. I always wanted to come not only to America, but especially the West. To me Southern California has always seemed a dream place, the scene of much of my life.

Q: Was there really a dolls' house like the one you wrote about?

Isherwood: Yes, the doll's house existed. Some of you may know the big house down at the beach in Santa Monica that belonged to Norma Shearer. At that time I got to know her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr. He took me down there, and there was indeed, right out by the beach a very, very large doll's house. In my sort of literary way I thought to myself, "What an amazing place to screw in!" And that's where that came from.

Q: What did you think of the movie *Cabaret*?

Isherwood: It was very much somebody else's baby. I didn't like the treatment of sex. It was a terrible put-down. The book was awful. Michael York's backsliding into homosexuality was treated in a distasteful way. I didn't like that one bit. I did like the show part. Michael York, himself, was extraordinary in the part . . . he hit just the right sort of British note.

Q: Who was the real "Sally Bowles"?

Isherwood: The real "Sally Bowles" became a Communist. And she fell in love with a guy who was quite a well-known correspondent in the British press. As a matter of fact, he worked for the *London Times*. What they at the *Times* could never figure out was why his dispatches always sounded like they were written by *Pravda* or something. He went to the Spanish Civil War with Sally, who was in Madrid for a while. And after she got out of this experience, she was a very party-line and boring, when she got onto the subject, Communist all the rest of her life. She only died a couple of years ago. She remained a very handsome girl, really distinguished looking. She herself never liked to be associated with the "Cabaret" story.

(Please Turn To Page 82)

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## ISHERWOOD

(Continued From Page 79)

When they put the British musical version of "Cabaret" on stage some pressmen found out who she was and went around to her and said, "It's all arranged; we know you're the original Sally Bowles. We want you to come to lunch, meet the stars, and come to a performance of the play." She said, "No." And they said, "What do you mean 'no'?" She said, "I don't want to!" And that was all there was to it. They were entirely defeated. So I've never gone around telling who she was, although if I would no one would be the wiser.

**Q:** Did you know Noel Coward?

**Isherwood:** Yes, a bit. He was absolutely charming. I took to him very much. The thing I always remember took place almost the first time I met him; it was at a very large party. Everybody he met at the party he said something to, and everything he said made that person sort of purr. I was of course hostile, as one always is when one sees a celebrity one doesn't know, and I thought to myself, "I wonder what he's going to tell me." So he comes up to me and he said, and this is extraordinary, absolutely extraordinary, "You remind me so much of a man I admired so very, very much — Lawrence of Arabia." It wasn't exactly that I did remind him of Lawrence, nevertheless I liked it.

**Q:** What would be the best thing and the worst thing that could happen to a young writer?

**Isherwood:** Tremendous success. I do think, however, success makes people nice. I'm entirely in favor of success as such.

**Q:** What do you think about the gay press? Is there too much "meat selling" and not enough discussion of the issues?

**Isherwood:** I think there should be lots of everything. We hardly need a policy which controls the whole press, or a strategy. This may be a perverse psychological confession to make, but every so often I'll pick up *The Advocate* or something, and read that middle part maybe, and ask, "Do we have to have this sort of stuff hung around our necks?" And then I realize, "Yes, absolutely! We must not get nicey-nice!"

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WAKEFIELD POOLE

(Continued From Page 42)

came out the same year, it got the worst film of the year and best film of the year. We split it with *Deep Throat* because he said he couldn't give a gay film the best film of the year because it was a straight magazine, but actually it was a better film than *Deep Throat*.

*Newsweek* did a little thing on me when *Boys in the Sand* first opened, and they said, 'For the first time since Walt Disney, someone made a film, produced a film, distributed it, directed it. Which I thought was a hoot. I mean, me and Walt Disney!

After that came *Bijou*. Was that a bigger hit?

It has turned out to be probably the one that has given me more validation as a filmmaker than *Boys in the Sand*. Brendan Gill said it's one of the five best blue movies ever made. It was a disturbing film when it came out, and people weren't prepared for it, because they expected *Boys in the Sand* again, and

"*Bijou*" and "*Boys in the Sand*" grossed over half a million, yet Poole is penniless.

they didn't get that. But it intrigued them. They didn't know why. Most gay people who had analysts at that time were disturbed by it, and they'd all talk about the movie to their analysts. I got a call from the head of the psychiatric department at Columbia University asking if I would come up and show the film at his home to some analysts and his staff. So I took it up there. They didn't discuss it as a film but from the sexual and psychological implications. It was fascinating. Wherever your head is you'll get what you want to see out of *Bijou*.

How much have they grossed?

I'd say in excess of half a million dollars. That's not profit, because I'm penniless! Don't ask me why!

After *Bijou*, Poole spent a year working on *The Bible*, a straight film starring Georgina Spelvin, which attempted to tell four stories from the Bible from a woman's point of view. It was budgeted at \$150,000, and Poole had hoped to have it distributed by a major studio, but when the MPAA gave *The Bible* an X, the distribution deal fell through, which

(Please Turn To Page 84)

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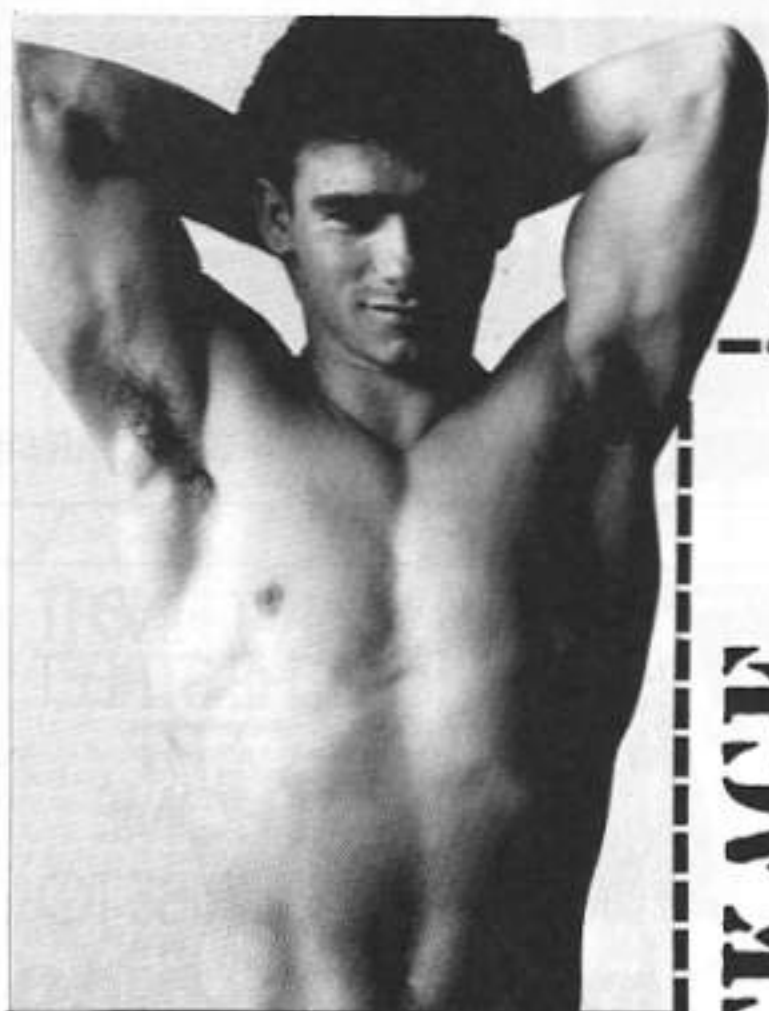


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WAKEFIELD POOLE

(Continued From Page 83)

angered Poole because, as he puts it, "There's not a hard dick in the movie." The film was not successful, mostly because audiences expected something more from a project with the Wakefield Poole signature on it.

Disillusioned with *The Bible's* failure, and growing tired of the "masochistic" life New York was proving, he moved to San Francisco "to find a ranch and raise horses." He made *Moving* to bail out *The Bible*, gathering together an attractive cast which included Cal Culver and Burt Edouards, which brings us to the subject of porn stars.

*Do porn stars' demands rise as their fame does?*

I warn everyone if they've never done a porn film that it will change their lives. It does something to the person when he sees himself on screen. He's no longer anonymous. All stars have to deal with that. Once someone who's starred in one of my movies sees the movie, that's the reality of what's happened. So they think, 'Well, he's made all this money; I only made \$2,000 and he made \$50,000.' So there begins to be a little resentment there, that I'm exploiting them. That becomes the reality of what really happened. The flies are gone, you don't remember swatting the flies; all that is gone because I've edited it out of the film. So they think they're responsible for the success of the film. To a certain extent they are, but not totally.

*Porn stars are a valuable commodity now. Can you take all the credit for helping create a star system?*

Probably. I think so. Calvin does admit I made him a star. On the other hand, he made me one. By featuring him in that film and making him beautiful all the way through, and not putting an ugly take in there — which most porn makers don't do. They just put anything in. But it's getting better now. They're editing more and the technical quality's getting better.

*Are you still doing films?*

Yes. I have two working now. In fact, I had a meeting the other night with Georgina Spelvin. I've done a new script for her. Actually, I got the idea as a movie for Calvin. It never panned out. Then I started thinking about it and changed it all around. It's a good idea, and I felt there was much more expansion needed than I could get on a gay film budget, because the return is so minimal. I

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think there are 12 theatres you can play in the U.S. It's going to be an expensive movie, and I want to get my money back.

*What does it cost now?*

\$150-\$200,000. I can no longer go out and shoot a 16mm film on the beach. I could do that, but this is a movie I want to make, and it's a movie I think everybody can get off on.

*You said you were working on two. What's the other?*

I have a gay film I'm going to do, too. I'll probably do that first.

*When will it be out?*

I hope to get it out mid-summer. I just started planning it. That's the way I do it. Like *Bijou*, I planned for almost eight months — got the idea, developed it, picked the music, and did all that other stuff, and then when I felt I was ready to shoot I talked to Bill Harrison long distance and hired him on the phone. People don't believe that — without even seeing him. He came to New York two days later, and we shot the film in eight days.

**"Porn stars don't remember swatting the flies because I've edited it out of the film."**

*You've made only four films and already you're a legend.*

(Laughs) I'm a legend in my time. It's funny, being here at Hot Flash, people come in and say, 'Do you own the place?' And I say, 'I'm one of the owners. There are five of us.' And they say, 'What's your name?' And when I tell them Wakefield Poole they say, 'You're kidding — I thought you were black!'

*What else do you want to do?*

I just want to keep doing what I want to do, whenever I want to do it. In other words, I don't want to get locked into one thing and say, 'This is my life.' I've never done it before. I always want new things — new places to put my energy. I've never worked so hard in my life as I have here at Hot Flash. It's time-consuming. I have to deal with artists, I have to sell. I'm an incredible salesman.

*Do you consider yourself a gay hero?*

I think I've done alot for the gay movement in my own way. Many people who are very adamant gay libbers might say just the opposite. I

(Please Turn To Page 90)

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## Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 23

Apparently what you need is some up-to-date equipment; now that could mean a new car or a color stag movie . . . only you know the answer. Check over your assets and if some of them seem a little seedy and unappealing, splurge a little. You need to attract a little variety into your life, this doesn't necessarily mean a game of musical beds. Change your menu, your barber and a few of your friends. Find out how the other half lives and loves. Expand and explore, dig a little deeper and you might strike it rich, but remember, love tastes sweet, but only with bread.

## Virgo AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

Do you get the feeling that you've been a little too conservative lately? Has your get up and go, got up and went? Well it's time to make a few changes. Get smaller swim trunks and a larger tan . . . better still, let it all hang out. Next time stick around for the orgy, it was only Cinderella that HAD to leave at midnight . . . and look what she missed. Give that persistent pursuer a second glance and a definite maybe . . . especially if he's hot in pursuit, imagine what he'll be like when he gets his breath back. You've been missing out lately.

## Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

Businesswise, if one door closes in your face, stick your foot in another. In your love life don't take your disappointments lying down, find out what's being offered before you get into a compromising situation. You're inclined to be trusting, believing everybody to be sincere, and you don't profit from bitter experience. It's better to hold your own than have it bitten by the hand that fed it!!! Take a long look at yourself in the mirror, if it's a good reflection, try the nude beaches this year. Go surfing, especially if you can hang ten.

## Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

Remember all your New Year resolutions? How many have you kept? If dieting was one of them, reconsider the menu, forget the dessert and think thin. Beached whales attract flies. Keep slim and in the swim and let the sea breeze blow through your intimate corridors. Financially you may be a little better off this period. Spend it wisely. Ignore the beggars and borrowers and take notice of the few friends who like you and not what you provide in material things. Spruce up your wardrobe and clean out the closet.

## Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

You should be feeling a strong urge to break out of the tender trap. It could be too much nagging or not enough nookie. Financial problems may come between you, or it could be an interloper eager to elope. Whatever . . . you can't chew with somebody else's teeth, so face the problem and sort it out. Compromise if you have to, but don't capitulate completely. Love is supposed to find a way and it usually heads for the bedroom. This is the time for trying new hobbies or taking evening classes in your pet subject. Spread it around.



## Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

For a few weeks you may be having things your own way, but don't take everything for granted. You've got what people want and many will flatter you in order to get it, but some people are like a sun dial, useless when the sun goes down . . . find one that's always rising. Don't ignore those unanswered letters and phone calls and reciprocate with parties when it's your turn. An unexpected visitor may live up a few evenings and want to bring the old dog some new tricks, so don't be bitchy, lie back and enjoy.

## Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

It's time to quit stalling and make the change you've been thinking about. If it's a new job, check it out carefully. A new apartment is easier to change, but if it's your love life, that's a different ball game. If it's been a game having a ball, or vice versa, you should have no problem, but an *affaire de coeur* is painful. Heading for the nearest monastery isn't such a bad idea, especially if you've seen the writing on the wall!!! Plan trips and perhaps a real vacation if you're feeling blue, but if Blue likes to be felt, then enjoy, he's probably an Australian and very outgoing.

## Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

Inspiration should hit its peak about now, so go all out for what you've been working for and do it, sell it, make it or achieve it. While on your cloud nine, check around your fellow travellers. Success breeds success and it's just as easy to make it with the rich as with the poor . . . all cats look alike in the dark. Ignore the forebodings of a jealous acquaintance and follow what you think is the best route. You're entitled to live a little this period, so break open the piggy bank and make a hog of yourself . . . but save a little bacon for breakfast . . . especially if he brings it home.

## Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 20

Friends will look to you for encouragement in their various projects, so lend a hand, but make sure it's a warm one. An old flame will pop up and expect you to burn the midnight oil cooking up a new recipe for romance . . . but warmed over dishes are never as good the second time. Find another spicy dish to nibble on. Who knows, you might start cooking on all four burners. Isn't that what you need right now, a piece de resistance that's irresistible? Bon appetite.

## Taurus APRIL 21—MAY 20

There is someone very close at hand trying to persuade you to drop your guard so that he may expose your frailties. (You've never heard them called this before, have you?) Unless you have something spectacular to show off and brag about, keep your guard up. Modesty may ruin your kidneys, but in this instance ostentation may be your undoing . . . everybody will be undoing you. Stay buttoned up, goodlooking and keep them all guessing. It's a month of pleasant surprises for you. Watch out for overseas visitors and be nice to coach hoppers even if they snore.

## Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21

Concentrate on your job, no matter whether it's dull or delightful. You have to put bread on the table and butter on both sides. Yes, you do like to live a little, which is good for everyone. Friends like you because you know what they like and often make sure they get it. Later during this period you will be faced with a big decision, look at possible answers from all angles and talk it over with a trusted friend. Stow your credit cards for awhile and get yourself into a financially secure position and very soon guys will be chasing you for your money as well.

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## WAKEFIELD POOLE

(Continued From Page 85)

think pornography did a lot for the gay movement. *Boys in the Sand* had a lot to do with the upgrading of gay films. It set a standard.

*Give me five adjectives describing Wakefield Poole. What do you think of yourself?*

I'm erratic . . . probably one of the craziest people you'll ever meet in your life . . . unpredictable . . . naive . . . energetic.

*Could you add successful?*

Yes, I think my life has been successful. I don't regret anything I've ever done. That's a real Piaf comment, isn't it? 'I regret nothing.'

## BOOKS (Continued From Page 18)

decent men . . . and turned my back on the dandies," than to the children of the sun, the generation "that wouldn't grow up." To the degree that is true, we don't deserve the name gay: we have sold out to philistine respectability, to image-polishing, to bourgeois rules, to a specifically hetero ideal of "growing up."

Acton and Howard's friends and classmates included Evelyn Waugh, Cyril Connolly, Isherwood, Auden and Spender, Cecil Beaton, Birkenhead, Boothby, Henry Green, Oswald Mosley, Peter Quennell, Kenneth Clark, Guy Burgess, Philip Toynbee, Harold Nicolson, Maurice Bowra, William Walton, John Strachey, John Betjeman and many others. Despising their fathers and all patriarchal institutions they had considerable encouragement from rebellious "uncles" (Green's term) such as Churchill, D.H. and T.E. Lawrence, Beaverbrook, Huxley, Wodehouse, Berenson, the Bloomsbury set et al.

Their image of elegant young Englishmen was still reflected in foppish portrayals in American comic strips and films as late as World War II — when a new generation of young Englishmen "proved" their masculinity at war.

Green's theory is somewhat overbearing but it has considerable validity. He deals only incidentally with the fact that most of the principals were openly homosexual, so much so that a few writers like Louis MacNeice complained, "I discovered that in Oxford homosexuality and 'intelligence,' heterosexuality and brawn, were almost inexorably paired. This left me out in the cold, and I took to drink."

Dandyism wasn't quite played out after World War II, but many of the permanent adolescents had become old men, and to a new generation they looked like adolescents. They came under fierce attack from Orwell, Leavis, Kingsley Amis and John Wain. Brian Howard's open homosexuality led to him being hounded from country to country. Acton remained the aesthete but began to look patriarchal.

But perhaps a new class of gays will turn away from macho politics and from role playing at "being" either 1890 showgirls or drugstore cowboys, and have a try again at being a creative minority, children of the sun.

—Jim Kepner

## DAVID SUMMERS

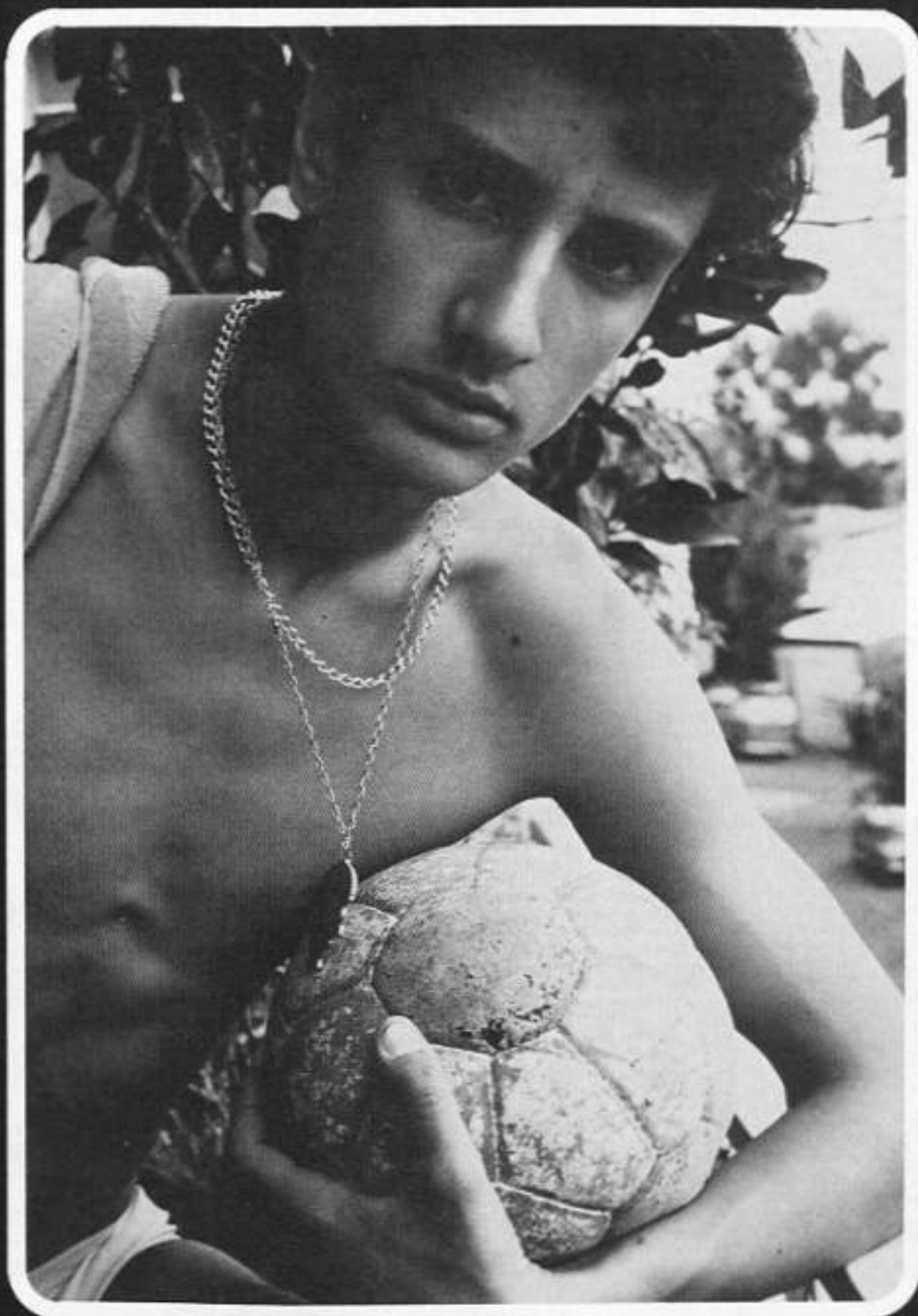
(Continued From Page 57)

You still get that old fashioned crap. At one New York club they got upset because I use an old Fanny Brice song called 'Cooking Breakfast For The One I Love' in my act. They said 'why do you do that song?' I don't mean it to be a statement of anything. I just found the song, liked it and don't think it would be as good if I changed the pronouns, that's all. Changing the pronouns would fuck it up. You have to pick your moments. I'm pretty realistic about it. If The Johnny Carson Show wanted me and said 'you can't use "he"' I'd comply because I wanna get my ass on the Carson Show. I'm less paranoid than most people about this issue because I don't find that much resistance to my being so open.

"I like being recognized on the street and any performer who tells you that they don't like recognition is full of shit. It's hard though, because you don't wanna turn people off and they'll come up to you and expect you to be who you are onstage. I remember shortly after I did 'Why I Like New York' in which I played an ambitious young man from Kansas who wanted stardom, someone came up to me at the baths and said 'don't think you're gonna stand around here and be a star' and you have to deal with that sort of thing all the time."

"If I've learned one thing from all this and since I've been in New York, it's that one has to endure. You just have to be there the longest and never give up."





# GUIDO

**G**uido, they call him. A brown-eyed 19-year-old Italian who lives in Centocelli, on Rome's rough east side. But more often than not, he's away from the family, scooting on his Vespa to the beach at Ostia (where the Romans go) to tan his dark skin even darker, or to the lawns in front of the Coliseum to play soccer with his friends. Guido, who was once used as an extra by Pasolini on a film, gets off playing instead of working anytime so the soccer ball goes with him everywhere. As the afternoon ends, he generally prefers a martini bianco before dinner, while watching the sun set from a terrace high above the rush-hour traffic. But then the rush-hour is no time to be caught up in it all anyway.

Photography by ALENA PRIME













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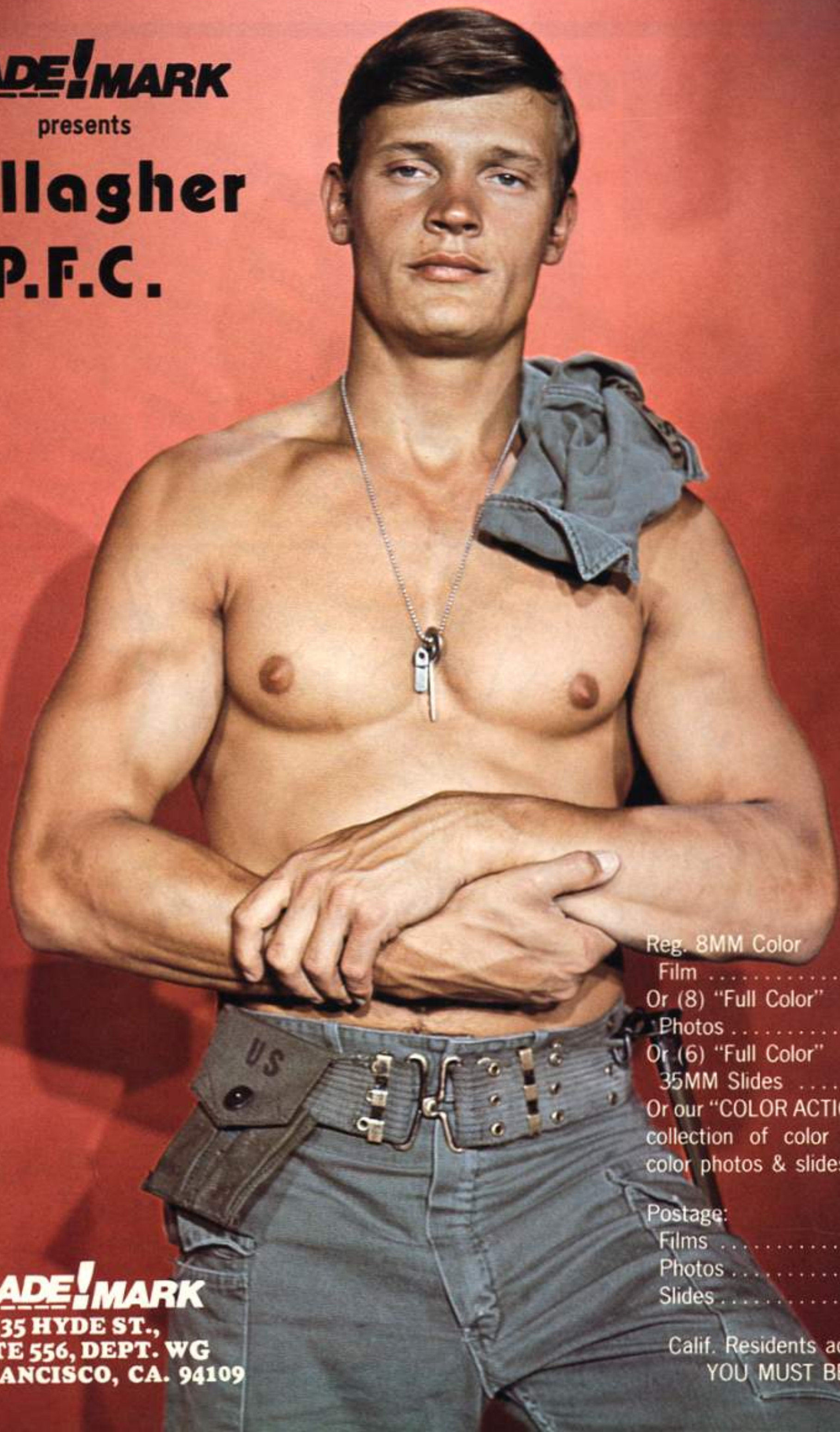
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